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NOTES.

AS we predicted, the lamentable want of foresight in Spanish officials and of energy and ability in Spanish commanders has made the task of the United States an easier one than was expected by those who knew the high quality of Spanish courage. It is well for the United States that this was so; for a stronger and more active opponent who had struck at once swiftly and hard at New York and other American cities would have discovered that the weakness of America was far greater than the world had supposed, a weakness which has actually been taken for strength from its contrast with the greater weakness and immensely greater incapacity of Spain. America herself by her excessive jubilation at the defeat which was inflicted by the well-equipped squadron of modern cruisers under Admiral Dewey upon a few old wooden tubs at Cavite that had no competent gunners on board, shows that considerable nervousness as to actual results was hidden under all the bluff and brag with which she entered on the war. That she is fully aware how hopeless would have been her position against a strong antagonist like France is seen in the alacrity with which the "Lafayette" was released, before France had time to make a demand.

The lamentable incompetence of Spain's preparations in the Philippines must not blind us to the splendid courage of the officers and men on the feeble little Spanish fleet. They had never the slightest chance; but the advance of the wooden "Reina Christina" against the vastly superior protected cruisers of America was magnificent, if it was not war; and the sinking of the "San Antonio de Ulloa" with colours nailed to the mast and guns firing to the very end, was worthy of the best traditions of Spanish chivalry. The American commander displayed a thorough knowledge of his opponents when he disregarded the possibility of mines or the ill-directed shots of the batteries and ran into Manila harbour; but he very cautiously took up his position at a distance practically out of range of the guns of the Spanish ships and with his superior ordnance riddled their wooden sides with absolute impunity. The gunnery of the Americans seems to have been excellent, but the demands on their courage were certainly of the smallest kind.

The immediate invasion of Cuba by a large American army is now, it is said, to be postponed once more. Every week the Americans have been going, but they have not yet gone. The attack is now reported to be made on Puerto Rico, where there are few soldiers and miserably weak defences. There is a great deal of caution in American courage, one cannot help thinking. They like their adversaries to be inferior to them in numbers as well as equipment. General Shafter boasts

that he could easily take Havana with six thousand men. We should like to see him try that easy task; but, like the New York millionaires, he seems to be more anxious to supply a subject of copy to the Yankee press than a target to Mauser rifles in the hands of the half-starved but indomitable Spanish infantry.

We notice that the newspaper correspondents still talk of the Philippines being handed over to this Power or to that—to England in exchange for Jamaica is the most absurd suggestion, although Lord Salisbury, possibly, is capable even of this—but we have yet to hear of any instance in which the United States has laid hold of territory and then voluntarily let it go. So the Philippines will go to America, as will also Hawaii and Cuba, which have long been coveted as the two doors to Panama and to that canal which America means to construct and which she intends to make American, notwithstanding the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The thought of that canal and of that Treaty should bring to reason even those foolish persons who have suggested our withdrawal from Jamaica. It is true that this island would suit American purposes much better than Cuba, for Jamaica is civilised and orderly; and, under a power not infected with the Cobdenite virus, it would soon be prosperous. Port Royal, again, is a better harbour and better situated for the control of Panama or Nicaragua than is Havana. But, unless we are to give up all claim to safeguard the "open door" that is one day to be established between East and West, surely even Mr. Labouchere or the young gentlemen of the "Daily Chronicle" would not suggest the abandonment of Jamaica.

But besides the "Imperial" Americans or Jingoos, as they are generally called, there are the sentimentalists, an even larger and more blatant class across the Atlantic than with us. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is not a "patch" on Dr. Talmage, nor is Dean Farrar to be compared with that chaplain of Congress who last week informed the Almighty that He had now an opportunity of watching "the magnificent and unexampled spectacle of a nation waging war, not for the greed of land or treasure, not for power, not for the gratification of revenge, but a war which enlists a whole people in the cause of the poor, the needy and the oppressed." Spain and a series of incapable Captains-General have played into the hands of these sentimentalists, who have, moreover, a strong idea that they are somehow getting even with the "Pope of Rome" by attacking the country of the Inquisition.

Mr. Hanna, who has the best right to speak for the politicians, has been explaining how he proposes to get over the constitutional difficulty of annexing (for purely philanthropic purposes) various portions of the earth's surface which are quite unfit for self-government as

States of the Union. They are virtually to become dependencies and to be denied the privilege of "Statehood." This is, for the politician, an ideal arrangement, providing as it does for the maximum of jobs and sinecures with the minimum of trouble and fraud, and unnecessary fraud is always trying to a tender conscience. If Cuba or Hawaii, for example, were to be made a State, honest Republican officials would be put to the trouble of "stuffing" the ballot-boxes and other practices not recognised in the constitution. When the new "Colonies" can be run direct from Washington everything will go smoothly, and there will be no danger of upsetting the balance of parties by adding States that would doubtless some day adhere to the "Solid South."

As at Cienfuegos, so at Cardenas the Spaniards showed rather better gunnery; the men of the torpedo-boat "Winslow" know it to their cost. The action seems to have been severe, as actions always are when described by the American press, and it shows at any rate a better butcher's bill than the famous Matanzas mule. Four men and an officer were killed out of the "Winslow's" crew, and several, including Commander Bernadou, were wounded. The Americans themselves admit that they were obliged to retire, and that the "Winslow" was, practically a wreck. The Spaniards had placed buoys to mark the distance at 3000 yards range, a piece of foresight which probably accounts for the success of their artillery fire. The Spaniards, who will be encouraged by these successes, are not done with yet, and if the Americans try to rush Havana even with 60,000 men they will have their work cut out for them.

Never since the fall of the Empire has a General Election gone off so quietly in France as that of Sunday. M. Méline and his colleagues are, with the exception of M. Hanotaux, gentlemen whose names are little known in France, and quite unknown in the rest of Europe. But their opponents are in an even worse plight—Royalists, Radicals, Socialists; they do not boast among their leaders a single man of anything approaching distinction except M. Jaurès, and M. Jaurès has lost his seat at Carmaux for the offence of being honest about the Zola case. So M. Méline manages to keep in office by a majority of about thirty-five, and even for that he has to trust to the Ralliés, who cannot be depended upon in time of danger. The second Elections are not likely to make any material change in the balance of parties; so that it practically comes to this, that M. Méline has permission to remain in power till some trouble in the Chamber or outside produces a man strong enough to upset him.

When Mr. Leonard Courtney admits that the Cobden Club has "committed a *bêtise*," the pillars of the temple of Dagon have indeed begun to tremble. Yet this is the confession to which he was forced during the Colonial debate when, after Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley had stormed for some time against the wickedness of the proposal to enact a preferential tariff in South Africa in favour of the Empire, Mr. Chamberlain blandly inquired why the virtuous Cobdenites denounced Mr. Rhodes in 1898 for doing precisely what they had voted a gold medal to Sir Wilfrid Laurier for doing in 1897. Sir William Harcourt could not or would not see the point, but Mr. Courtney, who loves to be candid, admitted the inconsistency. Well, let the Little Englanders hug still closer to their bosoms the old anti-Colonial prejudice: it only tends to make them ridiculous in the eyes of Greater Britain.

The Irish Local Government Bill has had a somewhat rougher passage through Committee during the past week, but it continues to make fair progress, and it remains practically unchanged. The grand Radical attack on the financial arrangements of the Bill—about which so much was heard in advance—resulted in a fiasco, the Irish party practically telling Mr. Lambert and his followers not to interfere in matters which they did not understand. The result was a grand total of forty votes against the main principle of the scheme. Mr. Gerald Balfour may well pray for a few more such attacks in force, which only serve to widen the gulf

that is opening between the Irish and the Radical groups.

It is amusing to watch the diplomatic game that is being played in Korea by Russia and Japan. Neither Power is encumbered with unnecessary scruples, and neither has a prying public opinion to satisfy at every turn: so they can enjoy, like Mrs. Sarah Battle, "a clear hearth and the rigour of the game." The hearth is cleared by the Protocol of Tokio, the text of which was published on Wednesday in the St. Petersburg "Official Messenger." Each country solemnly binds itself "to abstain from all direct interference" in Korea, and neither is to take any step in that country without previously consulting and coming to an agreement with the other. Nothing could be more considerate and brotherly: but meanwhile the latest advices from Japan testify to energetic preparations by sea and land for the inevitable struggle.

As we expected, the only remaining assurance of Russia in the matter of her two new ports has been speedily annulled. According to the Peking correspondent of the "Times," her consul at Tientsin "has notified his colleagues that foreigners will not be allowed to land at Port Arthur or Ta-lien-wan without passports viséd by him." A half of Ta-lien-wan was left open as a treaty port last week; now that half is closed. The Chinese regard themselves as among the foreigners, and are naturally angry when they remember Count Mouravieff's persuasive deprecation of the thought that Russia could possibly "abuse the lease which has been granted to her by a friendly Power." The Tsung-li-Yamen, the correspondent says, "had expressly issued instructions to the officials that the two ports were to be treated on the same footing as treaty ports." As the moral aversion in which Europe is said to hold Russia for her broken pledges is reckoned by Mr. Balfour a gain to England, that minister's triumph may now be considered complete.

Sir Halliday Macartney, the able and energetic representative of China in London, looks upon the concession of the coal-fields in Shan-si with a chastened satisfaction. To an interviewer on behalf of a contemporary, he expressed the belief: "Mind, you: I am only speaking from what I have gathered," that there actually is much coal in that province. Moreover, the coal, if worked, would be very valuable to the Peking Syndicate and to China; for the coal-fields of Japan, from which China has hitherto drawn her supplies, are not inexhaustible, "and if this syndicate have secured the district situated in the elbow of the Yellow River, they will have no difficulty in transporting the coal where they will."

The riots in Hu-pe throw some light on the value of those wonderful concessions in the Yangtse valley which certain intelligent writers and speakers have been assuring us far outweigh anything which Russia has gained in Manchuria or Port Arthur. We have often had occasion to point out that in China "paper" influence is worthless, the real influence of any Power is measured by its ability to enforce its demands. The whole Yangtse valley is to be open to our commerce, and no part of it is to be allowed to fall under the influence of any other nation. That is good—if we can enforce it. Leaving out of account foreign complications, it seems likely that, if the new order is to be established in Central China, it will have to be fought for. The two great viceroyalties of Liang-Kang and Liang-hu control the whole lower basin of the river, and trustworthy accounts report both as being on the verge of revolt against Peking, which is not unnaturally regarded as wholly given over to the foreigner.

The Liang-Kang or Nan King viceroyalty, which comprises the great cities at the mouth of the Yangtse, is threatened by the handing over in certain districts of the likin duties. These have hitherto provided the means of livelihood for the mandarins, and if they are in future to be honestly administered by Sir Robert Hart's young men, what will be left for petty officials, mandarins, governors, for the Viceroy him-

self? The Liang-Hu viceroyalty, consisting of the provinces of Hu-pe and Hu-nan, is the most bitterly anti-foreign in all China, and it too is threatened by the establishment of several new treaty ports, and the opening up of the whole river and its tributaries. If these two powerful viceroys, with a population under their charge larger than that of most European countries, should join together to resist the foreign "devils," Peking has no power whatever to enforce obedience. As a beginning the natives in the small town of Shasi, in Hu-pe, have risen and burnt the Custom House and the Japanese Consulate. It is probably an officially planned outrage, arranged to see how much we are prepared to stand, and unless the reprisals are as immediate and direct as were those of Germany at Kiao-Chao, there will undoubtedly be many repetitions of the outrage.

The progress of the Prisons Bill in Committee has been by no means satisfactory up to the present. The proceedings have reached a critical point, for whether or not the measure is to be only an empty beating of the legislative air depends largely upon the fate of the amendment now under adjourned discussion, and we are sorry—but not altogether surprised—to see that the influence of the Home Secretary is upon the side of emptiness. The committee is not divided in any partisan way; it is a question of common sense and humanity, irrespective of party, against officialism. The support given to Sir Matthew by Mr. Asquith is just what we expected, seeing that if Sir Matthew has shown himself incapable as a prison administrator he has only followed Mr. Asquith's example. The combination of the bureaucrats against reform is most significant; for the impeachment of the prison system is largely the impeachment of their administrative record. There should be enough independent spirit amongst members of both parties on the committee to carry the point against the allied Home Secretaries.

The point at issue is whether certain methods of existing prison discipline—the starvation of prisoners, the enforcement of sleeplessness, and the restriction of a prisoner's reasonable communication with his family—are to be forbidden by law or left to the discretion of the Home Office. Sir Matthew insists these are mere details of administration, and that the rules dealing with them should be left to his and his successor's discretion. Now the only reason for so leaving them would be that under certain circumstances such punishments are regarded as legitimate, and so should not be absolutely barred by law. Against that view we assert that under no conceivable circumstances are such punishments within the bounds of civilised and tolerable practice. We do not condemn them conditionally, but absolutely and in every possible contingency. For no offence can we inflict them upon the offender, and still retain our credit as a civilised nation.

It is curious that, amongst all the comments upon Lord Salisbury's "living and dying nations" speech, there has been no recalling of his greater predecessor's utterance on the same theme. Lord Beaconsfield, in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, dealing with Jewish influence upon modern life, alleges that "the decline and disasters of modern communities have generally been relative to their degree of sedition against the Semitic principle." Semitic, of course, to him meant Christian, just as he always used to insist upon calling the Christian "the Jewish religion in its entirety." "All countries that refuse the cross wither," he wrote; and of the case of Spain, which Lord Salisbury evidently had in his mind when he said that the dying nations were unhappily not always non-Christian, he declared that while "some perhaps might point to Spain as a remarkable instance of decline in a country where the Semitic principle has exercised great influence . . . but the fall of Spain was occasioned by the expulsion of her Semitic population—a million families of Jews and Saracens, the most distinguished of her citizens for their industry and their intelligence, their learning and their wealth."

"Popular institutions" are curiously at a discount all over Europe in this year of the Jubilee of 1848. In

France, in Austria, in Spain, in Italy, not to mention the smaller states like Greece and Bulgaria, Parliaments have been falling deeper and deeper into discredit, and now the one cry is for a "man," who will, if need be, shut up the Talking-Shop, and govern the country. Even the ultra-democratic "Daily Chronicle" can suggest no better moral to draw from the Italian troubles than that "what Italy needs beyond all else is a Man, a strong, honest, capable statesman, with a free hand." It is sufficiently obvious, but what would the philosophic Radicals of the forties have said to it all? Whatever troubles then arose in any part of the world the self-sufficient remedy of the English Liberal was the same:—Give the people liberty, give them Parliaments!

Austria was the scorn of the "constitutionalists" of the forties, but to-day, if Austria is not in revolution, it is simply because the Emperor keeps a cooler head and inspires more public confidence than do the brawling demagogues in the Reichsrath. Autocratic Russia was outside the pale altogether, yet she has not only saved herself but has been able to lend a helping hand to Republican France and save her from internal and from external dangers. Prussia, the most universally despised of European States, stamped out "Parliamentarismus," and instead of being sunk in ruin has assumed the headship of Germany, and alike in military matters and in commercial and industrial development constitutes a serious menace to Europe. We should be very sorry to utter a word in favour of Prussian brutality or of the methods of Russia and Austria. Perhaps they have their own nemesis awaiting them. But the facts suggest strange jubilee reflections on the value of theories which we all so fervently believed in 1848.

Since the disappearance of Diggleism at the last election not much has been heard of the School Board and its work. That is perhaps so much the better, but all the same it is necessary for those interested in good education to keep a close eye on the present majority. One motion that is being pushed forward deserves special attention. It is proposed to vote an increase of salary to the male teachers. Now, we express no opinion as to whether an increase of salary is necessary or not; what the friends of education have a right to insist on is that such increase shall be awarded for educational services and not for political services past or future. In this light it is material to observe that the increase is limited to teachers who have votes—the female teachers, having no votes, are to be passed over. But unless we are misinformed the women teachers have, from the purely educational point of view, a more immediate claim for an increase of salary than the men, and we hope that some members will insist on this point being cleared up before the matter is finally decided.

The question of the training colleges is also coming to the front again, and calls for vigilance. The Church training colleges, as is well known, preponderate greatly both in numbers and in efficiency, and just for this reason a cry is being raised for the provision of more "non-sectarian" colleges. If more colleges are required, and if existing agencies fail to supply them, let us by all means have more; but we protest against the tendency to build and equip colleges at the public expense, not for the purpose of meeting a legitimate need, but in order to "cut out" the Church colleges. The firm ground to stand upon is equality of treatment for all, and if the "State" colleges are to be subsidised with fresh funds, the Church colleges, which so long bore the burden of the work, should receive equal assistance. Here, as in the case of women teachers, the only thing to be inquired into is efficiency, and payment should be in proportion to the value of work done, quite independently of religion or of sex.

Mr. Gladstone has now been confined to his room for more than a fortnight, and it is feared that the end is near. The "Westminster Gazette" on Wednesday evening published a message from a member of his family. "The truth is," the writer said, "Mr. Gladstone has taken leave of all that pertains to earth. He is possessed with the sense of departure—body, mind, and soul ask for no food of any kind; the one

desire is for peace. He has longer times of quiet sleep, or quiet rest with closed eyes, than when the morphia treatment was first begun. He is not able now to listen to anything more than a short message of one or two sentences, and even this is often an effort." Every day solicitous inquiries reach Hawarden from friends and acquaintances of all classes and parties; and Mr. Gladstone, we are told, "is deeply moved and helped by the outpouring of loving sympathy and kindness." He is, indeed, quitting life as he bore himself in it—with high courage and a singular dignity. England will be indefinitely poorer for the loss of Mr. Gladstone.

We are glad to see that Mr. Chamberlain has promised that a full commission of inquiry is to be sent to Sierra Leone as soon as the country has been restored to order. We should have been still more glad if Mr. Chamberlain had also promised that the obnoxious hut tax should be suspended until the commission has reported. For the revolt is not a mutiny, and to consent to discuss grievances before the complete suppression of the rioters would be regarded as an act of justice and not of fear. To continue the devastation of the colony in order to enforce a tax which may be almost immediately repealed is senseless. The man with whom we sympathise most in regard to this outbreak is Mr. Chamberlain, whose courageous experimental policy has been jeopardised by the fads of tactless subordinates.

Even the most hidebound of Cobden Clubites will, we should imagine, experience some sense of misgiving in contemplating the Board of Trade Returns for April. They tell the same doleful story of increased imports and decreased exports which has been commented upon in these columns for many months past. In April, 1897, we imported goods to the value of, roughly, £35,000,000; April, 1898, shows an advance of more than £5,000,000; in April, 1897, we exported British and Irish produce and manufactures to the value of £19,700,000; April, 1898, shows a fall of considerably over £2,000,000. The divergence between exports and imports has now reached a point where we sell less than £1 worth of goods for every £2 worth we buy. How long will British credit and British wealth stand such a strain? So far as April is concerned, it should be said that the trade returns bear a worse complexion than they otherwise would from three causes. First, the rush in 1897 to export certain commodities to the United States before the Dingley Tariff came into operation; second, the enhanced price of certain imports, such as wheat, owing to the war; third, the partial dislocation of business due to the Welsh coal strike. For once our coal exports show a decrease.

Convocation has been in session this week. The Upper House discussed the Benefices Bill at much length, suggesting certain amendments. The Archbishop of Canterbury let fall one notable *obiter dictum* to the effect that he was in favour of allowing Roman Catholic patrons to present to benefices in their gift: a liberal view from which the Bishop of Bristol at once dissented. The Lower House discussed the advisability of returning to the old system of permitting pluralities of benefices, with proper safeguards against bringing back the former abuses; and resolved that the change was expedient. Another subject dealt with by the Lower House was its own urgent need of reform, at least to the extent of increasing the sequestration element. But the law officers of the Crown do not see their way to it; and it was proposed to go to Parliament for a declaratory Bill.

The Church of England is the poorer by the death of one of the most capable and promising of the younger clergy. Mr. Gent, the principal of Lampeter, was formerly well known in London as the warden of St. Mark's Training College, Chelsea. He sat on the London School Board, where his intelligence and moderation won the high regard of the Progressives.

If the conflict between Spain and America serves to remind Europe that Spain was once a great world

empire, the Vasco da Gama celebrations next week, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, next week will equally be reminiscent of world-wide opportunities lost to Portugal. When Vasco da Gama followed up Columbus's discovery of the West Indies, by the discovery of the Cape route to the East Indies, there was ample reason for believing that Spain and Portugal would divide all non-Christian lands between them. Vasco da Gama is one of the picturesque personalities of history. He was a born leader of men, notwithstanding his courtier-like theatricalism, and the various sides of his character were illustrated in turns during his initial voyage to India. Now he had to combat cowardice and superstition with ruthless hand; now to play the representative of his sovereign at native courts; now to meet treachery and hostility with the craft and pretence which were the principal weapons of defence on which he relied. If the occasion ever produced the man, it produced him in Vasco da Gama.

An idea of the pace at which Africa is being opened up was afforded by Major Gibbons in a paper read before the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday on Marotseland and the tribes of the Zambesi. In 1895 it took Major Gibbons three months' hard travelling to reach Zambesi; to-day the journey can be accomplished in two months, and when Mr. Rhodes has extended his railway from Bulawayo it will be possible to accomplish it in three weeks. Marotseland offers splendid opportunities for colonisation, which will no doubt be utilised directly the country has been tapped by the railway. Its present ruler, Liwanika, seems to be a moderately enlightened potentate, who welcomes British protection. Marotseland, at any rate, was brought within the British sphere at his express wish. On the north-east of Matabeleland, Liwanika has, in a mild way, imitated the excellent example set by Khama to the south-east. Politically, only one difficulty looms ahead—namely the question of the western boundary. It is a little uncertain where Liwanika's territory ends, and the Portuguese are unwilling to admit the British claim that it extends beyond the limits of the Zambesi.

At the dinner given under the auspices of the Booksellers' Provident Society, Mr. I. Zangwill, in proposing the toast of "The Trade," scattered a hatful of jokes in the most improvident manner. It is so seldom, nowadays, that an author displays any humour except on royalty terms that the Booksellers were delighted with their great good luck. According to the enthusiastic reporter of the "Daily News," Mr. Zangwill's jokes "were fully enjoyed by the clustering audience who had come from remote seats in order to hear him." Here is one of the jokes with which the clustering audience were regaled: "I once met a lady in an omnibus who said to me, 'Are you Mr. Zangwill?' I said (regardless of grammar) 'I was.' She said, 'I have read one of your books six times.' 'Madam,' I replied, 'I had rather heard that you had bought six copies.'" Whereupon the Provident Booksellers, as was natural, roared with laughter.

There is a Mr. William Watson who poses as a poet. To this high office he now adds, by self-appointment, the task of judging the Crowned Heads of Europe. Abdul he has already damned in hot verse, and this week, in cold-blooded prose, he denounces "the Queen of Spain." As a matter of fact there is no such person, but poets, being licensed persons, are not expected to be accurate in matters of history. One expects a poet, however, to have a slight feeling of chivalry when there is a woman in the case, and chivalry apart, there is always the common everyday virtue of truthfulness. Yet Mr. William Watson actually accuses the Queen-Regent of Spain of being a murderess, of having slain thousands of innocent people in Cuba. "I cannot forget," he says, "that there were in Cuba many thousands of mothers, whom, with their babes, this queen drove forth like cattle, and slew with hunger and disease." Does this Daniel come to judgment really believe this monstrous indictment? And if so, is he prepared to add that Queen Victoria is personally responsible for all the misdeeds of her servants throughout the British Empire?

THE BREAD RIOTS IN ITALY AND SPAIN.

AUTHENTIC news about the Italian riots is so slight, owing to the rigid censorship exercised over the telegrams, that it is difficult to know what has been going on; but it is evident that Constitutional Government in Italy has been passing through its worst crisis since the fall of the kingdom of the two Sicilies. Some of us could forgive Prince Bismarck anything except the cruel selfishness with which, to serve his own ends, he led Italy into ruinous extravagance, in order to keep up her position as a member of the Triple Alliance. He egged Jules Ferry on to seize Tunis for the sole purpose of exasperating Italian public feeling against France, the natural friend of that country, and he flattered Signor Crispi and King Humbert with visions of an Italy enlarged at the expense of France in Europe and in Africa. Disaster abroad and revolution at home have been the inevitable result for Italy; in reality one of the poorest countries in Europe, she was utterly unable to bear the burden of a great army and navy. Her people have fled to America by the hundred thousand to escape a crushing taxation, and those left at home seem at last to have risen in sheer despair. The sudden rise in the price of bread was the last straw, and within a few days of the first collision at Bari every large town in the Peninsula, with the exception of Rome, had to be placed under martial law. Certainly hundreds and, according to some accounts, thousands of people have been shot in the streets, even cannon having to be called into requisition in some cases to destroy the barricades. Rome has remained strangely quiet—a circumstance to be attributed no doubt to the fact that it is not a working-class centre like Milan, a large proportion of its population consisting of officials and their political hangers-on, soldiers, members of religious orders, visitors and so forth. Rome indeed owes much to the House of Savoy, and is likely to be the last place to turn against its benefactors. Everything now depends on the army: if it remains firm the risings can be put down, for no mob can stand for five minutes against Maxims and repeating rifles; but there have been some ominous movements among the military, who are not too fond of their officers and who, if they once began to waver, would probably throw down their arms in thousands. That would be the end of the House of Victor Emanuel.

The bread riots in Italy are more serious than those in Spain, but martial law is now proclaimed throughout the Peninsula. With Mr. "Joe" Leiter and other bulls of wheat making millions out of a corner in America, the immediate outlook for Spain is serious, especially with the increase of the heavy taxation by another twenty per cent. The Spaniards, however, are behaving with more patience than the Italian Socialists, who take starvation very ill. The rise in the price of bread brings the Italian labourer's miserable wages within measurable distance of a single loaf of bread a day. He not unnaturally thinks it better to die fighting than to starve slowly. "The mob," says one correspondent, writing of the fighting in Milan, "behaved with unparalleled brutality, especially women, who, with children in their arms, threw themselves before the galloping cavalry, opposing their babes to the soldiers' weapons." What this correspondent calls "brutality," we should call "despair." Italy has been bled to death by a corrupt bureaucracy, and the heavy expenses of an utterly unnecessary army and navy are wrung from the half-starved masses; but the rise of bread has brought things to a crisis, and with the almost inevitable abandonment of the Triple Alliance, Italy's long torture, it may be hoped, will soon be over. Is this all she has gained from Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel and Italian unity? She was better off in the old days of the Papal rule or even of King Bomba. The worst Bourbon tyranny was not as bad as the tyranny of the bureaucrat and the tax-gatherer. At least men then had bread.

The Americans will not find their popularity increased in Europe as it becomes realised more generally that the enormous rise in the price of bread, which has caused such misery and bloodshed in Spain and Italy, is largely their doing. The millionaires of Chicago and New York who are forcing up wheat to famine prices in

order to make fortunes out of the necessity of Europe are already responsible for bloodshed at Milan, Linares and many other towns, which greatly exceeds the total loss of life caused by the war with Spain. The poorer classes in England who feel the pinch of wheat at nearly sixty shillings a quarter, resulting in bread at $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ instead of $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ or $5d.$ the loaf, will not easily discover the attractions of an alliance with a Republic which permits rich syndicates to "corner" the staff of life, and may be pardoned if they consider their Transatlantic kin in reality anything but kind. The sudden affection for England which has sprung up in America since the war began might express itself more convincingly than in an organized attempt to lighten the pockets and empty the bellies of our poor.

VIRTUOUS AMERICA.

THE sufferings of the *reconcentrados* have been enlarged upon with much sensational and harrowing detail in the American press. Spain is no doubt accountable for the method of reconcentration which she adopted with the usual Spanish lack of foresight, and carried out with Spanish thoughtlessness as to the natural results that were to be expected. Hunger and disease have tried these hapless country people sorely, and their sufferings have been of course intensified by the American method of intervention in Cuba, by a blockade which inevitably turns hunger into absolute starvation, and entails a lingering death on the very people for whose sake, if we were to accept America's statement of her motives, the war was forced upon Spain.

America has repeatedly assured the civilised world that she interferes in Cuba from the highest and most unselfish motives. She does not, as plain men might have supposed, interfere from greed of territory, though the situation and the value of Cuba are not unattractive, nor yet from an uncontrollable desire for revenge, though the Yankee battle-cry, "Remember the 'Maine,'" does not altogether fit with any other explanation. She interferes, on her own showing, to deliver the oppressed, to succour the helpless, to establish a reign of justice and mercy and charity in place of Spanish misgovernment, injustice and cruelty. As one reflects on the iniquities of Spain and the virtues of America, one wonders that the nearness of America's shining example of pure administration has not shamed Spanish corruption in Cuba to reform itself: one wonders that America's even-handed justice to all her citizens has not impressed itself even on the mediæval darkness of the Spanish mind.

Love of equal justice and passionate sympathy with the weak are the noble sentiments that (we are assured) swell the national breast throughout that happy fraternity of Christian States whose centre is at Washington. The Southern States of this virtuous Union resemble Cuba in this, that a very large section of their population consists of coloured people. It will be interesting to compare the condition of these Southern States, with special reference to the position of their negro inhabitants, with the condition of things which prevails, and has for some time prevailed in Cuba.

Under the baneful Spanish rule in Cuba we find first that there is no racial feeling—no animosity between the white and black races, who mix together on the best of terms, and are found on a perfectly friendly footing at the same theatre as at the same church. There is no contempt or aversion felt by the white population towards the coloured, and the laws are administered without any race prejudice whatever. The negro is subject to the same laws and the same penalties as other men. The idea of persecuting or ill-using the negroes, who are above one-third of the population, does not exist. Such is the condition of misgoverned Cuba under the yoke of Spain.

Turning to that bright example of justice and freedom, the great American Republic, to the Southern States, where the negro is most numerous, what do we find? The Civil War gave the negro freedom and citizenship, and in this land of light and liberty we might expect that the treatment of the negro would contrast very favourably with his treatment in a misgoverned colony of benighted Spain. Going solely to American sources for our information, we find that the

treatment of the negro in this model Republic does indeed differ very remarkably from his treatment in Cuba.

The first distinguishing characteristic we find in the Southern States is the intense aversion, the withering contempt with which the negro is openly regarded by his white fellow-citizens. The poorest white man will not even attend church, much less receive the Holy Communion, in company with the despised nigger, and the black child is not admitted to the same school as the white. White public opinion regards the very idea of equality and justice for the black man with loathing. The most cultivated and charming of the ladies of the South are no more free from this widespread sentiment—so strange in a virtuous Republic—than the mean whites. Well, at any rate, the negro is a citizen; he has the vote, he can elect his own representative. He has the vote it is quite true, but he is not allowed to exercise it. His white fellow-citizens see to that, and, at the cheap price of shooting a few niggers, terrorise the rest from exercising the franchise at the polls. Even the Christian Churches emphasize this inequality. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Christian Temperance Societies, as well as the churches and schools, are closed in these enlightened Southern States of virtuous America against the despised black race.

At any rate we might expect that the United States Government would enforce equal justice regardless of colour. The laws and the judges of the land may profess to deal out even-handed justice; but there is not much disposition on the part of the poorer classes of whites to appeal to them; the white citizen of the Southern States is apt to put his trust in a more formidable court and in a judge whose sentences are all of one kind, we mean the organized injustice of lynch-law. This unwritten code is all-powerful in the Southern States. There is no fair trial. The suspected negro is hunted down or dragged out of the State prison with at most a pretence of opposition from the officials and put to death. This lynch-law which supersedes the law in dealing with the negro is, of course, hasty and wrongheaded, being the outcome of a dominant and uncontrollable race animosity. If a crime is committed, a negro is at once suspected to be its author, and to suspect a negro is—in the easy code of lynch-law—sufficient reason for an execution.

This intense race-contempt, as might be expected, finds its keenest expression in the sexual sphere. The worst provocation which a black man can give is to become the associate of a white woman. This is an insult which the white man of the Southern States cannot stomach. If a black man is found with a white woman, especially if it is a case of adultery, the assumption is that there cannot have been consent, and the inclination is to treat the black man as guilty of rape and execute him by some of the summary methods of lynch-law.

In the ten years ending 1894, about one thousand black men were lynched in the Southern States. Hanging and shooting may be the commonest modes of executing the sentence, but in cases of special enormity the punishment is burning alive. Of course the black man may be and sometimes no doubt is guilty of horrible crimes; but no trouble is taken to ascertain the certainty of his guilt, for in his absolute contempt for the rights of the negro the white man is not particular in sifting the evidence. In some cases it has been afterwards discovered that the negro who had been executed was not the person who committed the outrage.

The injustice of lynch-law easily degenerates into cruelty. Habitual contempt quickly blossoms into hate. And so negroes, rightly or wrongly accused of rape, have been deliberately tortured and burned in the presence of a large crowd of witnesses. In one case, where the victim of the negro was a married woman, the wretched culprit (he was no doubt guilty) was tied hand and foot on a sort of stage and hideously tortured for a long period of time by the enraged husband in the sympathetic presence of a multitude of white citizens.

The power to use lynch-law on the negro is highly appreciated by the white man of the lower order in the Southern States. It is a continual evidence to him of his own superiority. When Miss Ida B. Wells, of

Tennessee, was in England, she appealed to English public opinion to endeavour to influence the United States to amend this cruel injustice. The outrages she described as perpetrated on the negro, were horrible beyond description. Speaking at the annual meeting of the Aborigines' Protection Society four years ago she demanded that every negro charged with crime should have a fair trial. The struggle to obtain justice was, she said, a hard one. All classes—bishops, ministers, judges, pastors—were singularly lax. Governors, sheriffs and officials had been present at lynchings and done nothing to prevent them. The Rev. Dr. Matthews supported Miss Wells's statements from his own experience in America, and a resolution of a very decided kind was carried unanimously.

Of course the outrages of lynch-law must not be ascribed to the white population of the South indiscriminately, nor are they committed solely on the black; but they are the outcome of a general contempt for the negro and that refusal of equal rights which flows from it. Thus we are confronted with this strange anomaly—that the unspeakable Spaniard in Cuba treats the black man kindly, feels no contempt for him and gives him the benefit of equal laws, while the enlightened American scorns and makes a pariah of his black fellow-citizen, murders him by lynch-law with impunity and apparently with the approval of white public opinion.

The Spaniard has grave faults and has no doubt mismanaged and misgoverned Cuba; but it is at least strange that in the worst periods of that misgovernment America should have remained unmoved; and that it was when at last the Spaniard began to amend his ways, when autonomy and other concessions were granted, that America should have discovered that the time had come for the expulsion of Spain.

THE REBELLION IN SIERRA LEONE.

THE deplorable events in British East Africa have brought the transfer of that protectorate from the domain of the Foreign Office to that of the Colonial Office almost within the range of practical politics. But now, as if to show that this reform is premature, there comes the rebellion in Sierra Leone, reminding us that tactless agents, and officials who do not heed warnings, are not the monopoly of the Foreign Office. To understand the origin of the existing rebellion we must go back to 1896, when Sir Frederick Cardew, the Governor of Sierra Leone, introduced "the Sierra Leone Protectorate Ordinance" to regulate the Colony and its trade. Well-informed West African authorities at once protested against the Ordinance; they declared that it gave too much power to "unfledged and inexperienced newly arrived District Commissioners," and that its commercial restrictions further handicapped an already embarrassed trade; and they predicted that the enforcement of the hut-tax would inevitably lead to serious trouble. The Chambers of Commerce of Manchester and Sierra Leone both warned the Colonial Office that the Ordinance would interrupt trade and lead to widespread discontent among the natives. Mr. Chamberlain hastened to assure the former Chamber that he saw "no reason to suppose that the hut-tax will be oppressive, or that it will be less easy to collect in Sierra Leone than in the Gambia and other parts of Africa; and he is not able to accept the view of your Chamber that it should not be imposed." So disappointed were West African authorities with this overconfident declaration that the Manchester Chamber of Commerce twice reiterated its opinions. Now the events of the past two months have shown that the experienced West Coast traders were right and the Colonial officials wrong. For the natives have risen in revolt, and there has been a serious loss of European life and of African property. Some of the most influential among the natives have already proved that the tax will not be as easy to collect as Sir Frederick Cardew represented, for they have shown they prefer no huts to taxed huts. The last West Coast papers describe a condition of affairs in Sierra Leone which reads like an American account of Spanish rule in Cuba. "It is reported," says the "Sierra Leone Times" (19 March), "that the troops are burning down all the villages they come across, and what they spare the aborigines them-

selves burn down, not even excepting rice farms. If this rumour be correct, not only is famine impending, but the hut-tax system can exist no longer in the district, for there will be no more huts left to tax." The "Lagos Weekly Record" states (12 March) that "Port Lokko is reported to be entirely deserted, the inhabitants having abandoned the town and gone into the bush, while the whole Karina district is represented as being in a state of ferment." Letters from the district report Port Lokko as entirely ruined, all the houses having been burnt down, and damage done which it will take several years to restore; while signs of similar opposition to Sir Frederick Cardew's ill-fated schemes are apparent in other districts of the protectorate. Reuter's recent telegrams give no signs of an immediate suppression of the disorder. A further loss of European life is reported, and the effort to impose the hut-tax at Accra has roused the determined resistance of the natives on the Gold Coast. We are not therefore likely to be again told that the hut-tax can be collected in Sierra Leone without any trouble. The Colonial Office view was based on a serious fallacy. A hut-tax is a method of raising money that is generally popular with British Administrators in Africa, because it is easy to assess. Under certain conditions, moreover, it is the fairest and best tax that can be devised. But in other cases it is as indisputably the most pernicious and least practicable. One tribe may pay the tax without a murmur, while the attempt to collect it from the neighbouring natives means ruin throughout the country. In regard to a hut-tax every district has to be judged independently. It is hopeless to ignore local differences of currency, habit and creed.

The hut-tax, however, is not alone responsible for the mischief. No tax requires more care and tact at its first imposition—at any rate when it is collected directly from the natives, and not indirectly through a responsible, intelligent chief. But according to the West Coast papers, the same mismanagement that led to the introduction of the ill-fated Ordinance has been shown in its administration. Complaints are continually being made against the ruthless brutality of the Frontier force. According to the "Sierra Leone Times" of 26 March, "complaints have arrived respecting chiefs maltreated, imprisoned, kicked and cuffed, of maidens violated, the goods and property of the people taken away by force, and of the violation of the 'Bondoh Bush' and of those mystic rites which the natives hold sacred." These atrocities are charged against our black soldiers, who are said to goad the natives into revolt. The same journal, in a leading article on 12 March, reports that "the chiefs openly declare that the outrageous behaviour of the Force . . . is the main cause of the troubles going on in the interior." Private letters from the district speak in terms of intense indignation of the devastation now being wrought in the usually peaceful protectorate of Sierra Leone, where injury is being done which it will take years to remedy. The European merchants appeal for a thorough investigation; and it is to be hoped that this will be given before the "progressive policy" in West Africa is irretrievably doomed by exciting the lasting hostility of the British traders and the deep-rooted distrust of the natives.

MR. SHAW'S PROFESSION.

I THINK it was Mr. Street who propounded an ingenious theory that the invention of printing had made serious and philosophical plays unnecessary, that one could learn far better from books than from the stage, and that the best thing for the stage to do was to be merely comic. But I hold that there is still some justification and some use for the dramatist-with-a-purpose. Though he may no longer be able to tell us what we did not know before, he can yet impress our knowledge in us more effectively than can any mere bookman: he can make us see our knowledge at new angles, and under new and more vivid lights. Nor is direct moral purpose always a fatal obstacle, but sometimes a very valuable incentive to dramatic art. In writing "Widower's Houses," "The Philanderer," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Mr. Shaw was, as he admits, impelled by a direct moral purpose. *A priori*, there is no harm in that. Whether the purpose that impelled him was

morally sound is not a question which I have time to discuss. Whether it was quite genuine to him is a far more important point, and I am sure that Mr. Shaw is honestly firm in his convictions. Whether his convictions have helped him to write good plays, or have hindered him from doing so, is the point which most interests me and with which I propose to deal, taking "Mrs. Warren's Profession" as the test case, inasmuch as I think it to be the most considerable of the three works. Mr. William Archer has given us, through the "Daily Chronicle," a long poem in which he declares this drama to be "intellectually and dramatically one of the most remarkable plays of the age," and Mr. Cunninghame Graham, coming upon us, rather suddenly, in the character of old play-goer, vows that in his opinion it is "the best play which has been written in the English language in this generation." But, as I have already suggested in these columns, there are some critics so advanced as to hold that a bad play is necessarily a good play, that (need I amplify the phrase?) there must be something very fine about a dramatist who defies the canons of dramatic art. There are also those who, confounding subject with treatment, and drama itself with the Sydney Webbs, believe that a serious theme is a touchstone of dramatic ability. An unpleasant theme, seriously treated, sends them into transports. Drag in the divorce-court, and they will solemnly credit you with immense talent for the stage. Drag in a brothel, and they will never have seen so great a play as yours. Mr. Shaw does not merely drag a brothel into his play, but makes it the play's basis. Let us be calm. Let us not be swept away on the strong wave of a genuine, but possibly mistaken, enthusiasm. My friends, let us consider the play as in itself it is.

The curtain rises on Miss Vivie Warren, a young lady fresh from the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, "sensible, able, highly-educated," and in every way an arrant survival of the day-before-yesterday's New Woman. She is about to meet her mother, a lady who has lived much on the Continent and with whom she has only a slight acquaintance. Between these two characters lies the conflict and development of the play. The principal scene is in the second act, when the daughter demands of her mother "Who are you? What are you?" Mrs. Warren betrays her ignorance of her daughter's paternity and "buries her face in her hands." "Don't do that, mother, you know you don't feel it a bit," says the girl. When Mrs. Warren accuses her of having no heart, she says coolly, "You attacked me with the conventional authority of a mother; I defended myself with the conventional superiority of a daughter. Frankly, I am not going to stand any of your nonsense," &c. "Here!" exclaims Mrs. Warren, "would you like to know what my circumstances were?" "Yes," says Vivie, "you had better tell me. Won't you sit down?" Mrs. Warren then tells the story of her fall, at great length, from the standpoint of a political economist. The daughter exclaims, "My dear mother, you are a wonderful woman; you are stronger than all England." Next day, in the next act, she receives an offer of marriage from Sir George Crofts, her mother's partner in vice and in business. She rejects him. He tells her the true nature of her mother's occupation. She tries to leave the garden in which they have been talking, but he intercepts her. Frank Gardner (a youth who is in love with Vivie) has been within earshot of the interview, and now comes out with a gun. The wicked baronet declares that Vivie is the daughter (by Mrs. Warren) of Frank's father. Frank raises his gun. "*Vivie seizes the muzzle and pulls it round against her breast.*" VIVIE: "Fire now. You may." He does not, and the curtain shortly falls on Vivie's determination to return to "Honoraria Fraser's chambers, 67 Chancery Lane," where she had been staying before the commencement of the play. I must explain that Frank's father is a clergyman of the Church of England who has, coincidentally, had an early connexion with Mrs. Warren. The meeting and recognition of the two brings down the curtain on the first act. Mr. Shaw has drawn the clergyman as an unctuous and hypocritical person who is said to get drunk "off" and to indulge in obscene conversation with the wicked

baronet—the kind of part which Mr. Harry Monkhouse might play in one of Mr. Owen Hall's productions. His son, Frank, plies him throughout with a great deal of offensive and unnatural chaff. Indeed, Frank is altogether a very offensive person, and as unnatural as Vivie herself. He makes love to Mrs. Warren and gets her to kiss him, whilst he is pursuing his suit with her daughter. Later, the idea that he is the daughter's step-brother does not cool his amorous ardour. "It's exactly," he says in the fourth act, at Honoria's chambers, "what I felt an hour before Crofts made his revelation. In short, dear Viv, it's love's young dream." At the close of the play, when there has been a further scene and a parting between mother and daughter, and when Frank, having learnt the nature of the mother's profession, has gone off for good, Vivie is left alone. She sits down at her desk. "Then she goes at her work with a plunge, and soon becomes absorbed in her figures."

I know well that, in giving a mere sketch of a play which one does not like, one is bound to do the play some injustice. I do not think that I have done any considerable injustice to "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but I should like to say at once that the play is well and forcibly written, that the idea of it is firmly gripped, and that, obviously, the scenes are ordered by one who has some instinct for stage-craft. But no amount of stage-craft, and good dialogue and philosophic grip will enable a man to write a serious play that can be anything but ridiculous, unless the man can also draw human characters. If Mr. Shaw had been able to draw Vivie as a real girl, Mrs. Warren as a real woman, and Frank as a real young man, he might have produced a play which would have justified even the superlatives of Mr. Archer and the reminiscences of Mr. Cunninghame Graham. "No conflict: no drama," as he himself says in one of his excellent prefaces. To this formula I would add "No sympathy: no conflict." Conflict of a kind there is between Vivie and her mother, but as no one could feel any sympathy for the mother, even were she real and not a mere secretion of Shawism, nor for the daughter who is a mere secretion of Shawism and more utterly unreal than the most romantic heroine across the bridges, the conflict is not of that kind which makes a play effective, but is rather such a shindy as might be waged between a phantom pot and an imaginary kettle. Maupassant's Yvette was a tragic and a moving figure because she was a real girl, to whom the discovery of her mother's shame was really horrible. Mr. Shaw has declared that he thinks the scene in the second act between Vivie and her mother "tremendously effective." To whom, I wonder? As a matter of fact, it is not a scene at all. It is a fragment of a well-written pamphlet. Yvette tried to poison herself. "That," Mr. Shaw would say, "was very silly and romantic of her. My Vivie goes out into the world to make a living for herself." But that was the intention of Mr. Shaw's Vivie from the first rise of the curtain. The last fall of the curtain leaves her exactly as she was discovered. Nothing has been developed in her by the action of the play. Nothing has been developed in Mrs. Warren, nothing in Frank Gardner, nothing in any of the characters. Even unreal characters *can* be developed in a play. Even real characters *must* be developed; no development: no drama. Unreal characters, undeveloped, are no good at all.

But I see that I shall not be able to complete in one article my theory of Mr. Shaw as playwright. I must resume next week.

MAX BEERBOHM.

"S.S. ATLAS."

I.

IT was a filthy autumn day in New York, with Fifth Avenue looking more than usually vulgar under the leaden sky, and the streets carpeted with rotting plane leaves, as I drove, jolting over the rough cobble stone, to a wharf near Dubrosses Ferry to go on board the "Atlas." The "s.s. Atlas" was a type of ship well known in the seventies, but now obsolete. In those days the "tramp" had scarcely made its appearance, and the liner was less frequent and less gorgeous than at present.

Vessels long, iron-built, flat-sided, and coffin-like, of

the "Atlas" type held an intermediate position. They looked for cargo where it might be reasonably expected, and took passengers to whom a long passage, rough food and poor accommodation were rendered indifferent through lack of means. The American Agent had informed me that the fare from New York to Glasgow was £10, and that the vessel was a Scotch boat, in which I should find Bible and whisky, and might expect to be in Glasgow in twelve days, if (so the agent said) the Lord was willing and the Scotchmen did not over-drink themselves. I had no deck-chair, the decks were an inch deep in coal dust, and the vessel went to sea at once. Leaving Sandy Hook we encountered the full force of a north-easterly gale, and I (the only passenger) retired at once to my athwartship bunk, to be miserable and endeavour to read the "Faerie Queene," my only book, and the only book on board except a Bible and a bound-up volume of the "Reaper" and some professional works. For weeks, as it appeared to me, it was "Burrey Banes," rattle of ropes, racing of screw, banging of my portmanteau as it washed to and fro in a foot of water in the cabin, groaning of timbers, roaring of the wind, bellowing of the Blatant Beast (in the "Faerie Queene"), shouting of the boatswain, pattering of naked feet upon the deck, then a fitful dozing, broken but by the rare visits of the steward with a "cup of arrowroot and whisky, sir," to tell me everything was battered down, and that the skipper had been sixteen hours on the bridge and looked like Lot's wife when she enjoyed her last wistful glance at Sodom. Air stifling, lamp smoking, drops of moisture on every plank, a continuous dropping of water on to my pillow, rats running across the floor, a dense, steamy feeling which made one sleepy, crumbs of biscuit in the bed-clothes, a futile tin basin floating in the cabin, a brandy bottle propped between a Bible and a sponge in the fixed washing-stand, guttering candles swung in gimbles, decks which seemed to rise and hit one in the face when staggering out in the rare intervals of the storm to see yards of bulwarks swept away, feeling one's way between the seas, clutching a life-line to the engine-room to listen to the yarns of the chief engineer, a Greenock Ananias of the first water, and bushy bearded as befitted one who had "gone out in '47, second engineer aboard the craft what took out Rajah Brook." Then back to bed, wet through, and back into a trance between waking and sleep, more brandy, arrowroot, more "Faerie Queene," more stifling, and the vessel labouring so heavily that when the copper cargo shipped at Copiapo shifted on the fifth day out, it seemed she lay almost upon her broadside in the sea. And still I liked the voyage, and even took a pride in knowing we had sighted Rockall, hoped in my heart of hearts we should sight Iceland, and yet was miserably seasick all day long, and all night long lay half awake, meditating on the adventures of Sir Satyrane, of Britomart, Parlante, and of the Faerie Florimell, and all other characters of Spenser's masterpiece, who in some curious way seemed to become connected with the ship.

After the seventh day no cooking, galley fire put out and steward staggering in drunk, with a Bible in his hand, white-faced and frightened, "rubber" sea boots on, and plate of cold salt horse and biscuit, and, of course, more whisky; fitfully came the strains of "Renzo" as the crew set the fore topmast staysail, and in my berth I learned how "Reuben Renzo" shipped aboard a whaler, "Renzo, boys, Renzo," heard his adventures, cruel treatment by the mate, and was most interested to find that for a change his virtue was rewarded at last, and at the present time "he was the skipper of a sugar droger." Weeks seemed to pass, and on a day the Captain, clad in dripping oilskins, looking in for a moment with a speaking trumpet in his hand, deigned to impart the information that we had a slant of wind, and though the smoke stack had fetched loose, he reckoned to make Cape Clear, "damn his eyes, forgive him, God; for swearing," in a few hours.

Now floated down to me the cheering melody of "New Orleans," with its inspiring chorus of, "Yah yer, ho, roll and go," and somewhat inconsequent but Demosthenic envoy of "Hell to yer soul, is it, tay: that ye want," as the crew "set sail to steady her," as my familiar the steward, having discarded whisky, fear, and

Bible, for the nonce, and bearing hot sea-pie came in to say.

At last on deck, with Rathlin Island on the starboard beam, steaming towards the Mull, a great sea change, no boats, bulwarks all washed away upon the weather side, doors torn off the hinges, the "fetched loose" smoke stack, coated white with salt, and stayed up in a clumsy fashion with some chains, rigging a mass of tatters, halyards flying loose, the jackstaff gone, the Captain haggard and red-eyed, the officers all cheerfully profane, the crew going about like men after a long debauch, but cheerily, as hauling in the main sheet they bent their backs; taking the time from a Long Island fisherman who did not pull the value of a cent, and hauled together, keeping time to the innumerable verses of that old world lyric of the seas, "Tom's gone to Hello." The Mull and Pladda, Lamash Island, Cloch Lighthouse, and the winding river with its fairway marks, Dumbarton Castle, and Dumbuck, Elderslie House, and at the last the Broomielaw, black decks, and step ashore in "Glesca" to find it "Sawboth," and be asked by the pious whisky seller, where I essayed to change a sovereign to pay my cab, if I was sure I was a "bona feede traveller."

Ten days flew past at home with theatres, dress-clothes, good dinners, and the unaccustomed feel of comfort, so strange to those who but a week ago have been the inmates of a tramp. Ten days amongst the faces, once so familiar, but which to-day may look quite strange if we should meet in limbo, purgatory, or where-soever it is the souls of travellers pass their appointed time. Ten days and back again upon the Broomielaw, rain, fog, and coal-dust, and the lights of whisky shops glaring like ogres' eyes upon the crowd, decks filthy, crew either half drunk or else disabled by disease; the skipper sulky, mates thinking about home and surly, the boatswain almost inaudible through a bad cold, and the poor draggled drabs upon the shore looking like animated rag-shops in December gloom. Scuffling and cursing, creaking of blocks, throbbing of the screw and then the vessel slides out into the foul-smelling, muddy drain they call the Clyde, slips past the shipyards, passes Blythswood, leaves the Cloch astern, runs past the Cumbræ, where the minister once used to pray for the adjoining islands, England and Ireland, leaves Pladda on the weather side, begins to dip and roll and sends me to my bunk to lie half stupid, torpid, a prey to nausea and foul smells, till the throbbing ceases, the heaving and the pitching stop, and going upon deck I see the sun and find that we are anchored in the Garonne under a vineyard, and about a mile outside Pauillac. Here we intended to take in emigrants for the River Plate, the vessel, during her ten days' rest in Glasgow, having been whitewashed down below and fitted up with tiers of bunks after the fashion of those vans in which sheep make their railway journeys and just as comfortable. Visions of tugs coming sweeping down the yellow stream, crammed thick with people, all with Basque caps and carrying bags, bundles, and the inevitable bird-cage, without which no emigrant embarks. Glimpses of garboard strakes, as the tide sets, the steam launches round, and the emigrants rush to one side chattering in Basque, clattering of donkey-engines worked by a grimy "greaser" and recollections of an interminable song about "Oh marinières, bons marinières, à combien vendez-vous votre blé?" sung by black-haired and red-sashed men, working the cargo under the direction of a much bejewelled stevedore. Then all the emigrants crowd down below, kissing takes place, men hug their sweethearts, to wed whom they are going foreign, and hope in ten years' time when they return with dollars to find constant, unimpaired in virtue and in face, with the same figure which the dim, but treasured photograph sets forth. A bell rings and the quartermasters clear the ship, the friends who go ashore holding their handkerchiefs, dirty with tears, to their red eyes, the friends on board waving their greasy hats, and neither trying in the least to keep their feelings in, but weeping lustily after the primitive and natural fashion which relieves a man and makes him feel that tears wash out his grief, making him happier than those whom education, custom, prejudice, or what you will, have forced to face their misery with dry eyes.

So past the Tour de Cordouan, and, after, Lisbon, where again the ship took in another freight of human cattle, this time chiefly peasants from the Galician hills, who emigrate en masse, leaving their villages deserted and the houses closed, for wolves to scamper through the deserted streets on winter nights. Then out into the "roaring forties," followed by a rising gale. Hell down below amongst the emigrants, and no one on board who could speak French or Spanish, still less Portuguese, except the wretched reader of the "Faerie Queene." So through those all-ways I weltered sick to death, when difficulties rose, and jabbered with the unlucky peasants, who bore their sufferings manfully, sitting on the deck all jammed together like sardines, from the grandmother to the new-born infant, and almost every family hampered with a great wicker bird-cage, though they were going to a land of parrots, macaws, toucans, humming-birds, cardinals and flying spots of jewelled rainbow, compared to which the birds of Europe all seem made of sackcloth or of mackintosh; but were not Abana and Pharpar superior to all the waters of Judea? And it seems natural to man upon a journey to impede himself with all the living things he can, and to trail draggled birds, bound in their wicker servitude, beyond the seas. As he could not free man, body or soul, by all the strength of prayer and of example, St. Francis perhaps did well to open bird-cages and set their inmates free whenever he got the chance, and when they sainted him had I been there I should have urged against the arguments of the Devil's Advocate this fact, and pled that every rookery about the place, all larks, quails, pigeons, thrushes, blackbirds, linnets, and starlings should have had a chance to register their vote. And then the gale subsided, and the old semi-tramp lurched at nine knots before the following seas, till in a day or two we struck the north-east trades, carried them fair and light, and woke one morning in the dream world of sapphire sea, clear sky, and flying fish darting before the ship, Portuguese men-of-war on every side of us, warm air, a feeling of content, a heavy roll, sails flapping against the rigging, now and then filling with a jerk as if they would tear out of the bolt ropes, in fact, the magic of a fine day in a low latitude not to be represented to the mind by a curved line and straggling lettering, Tropic of Capricorn, as in a map.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE RUIN OF EXMOOR.

ALMOST the only portion of England which has preserved something of its ancient character is the district in North Devon and West Somerset, which retains the old name of Exmoor Forest. Here, in a quadrangle, traversed by rough roads crossing from Lynton to Dulverton, and from South Molton to Watchet, a beautiful piece of primitive England remains almost undisturbed. It consists mainly of high and open moorland, descending at the sides into deeply-wooded glens, through which, in precipitous channels of fern and moss, little streams make their way to the Bristol Channel, or to the watershed of the Exe. This exquisitely fresh and silent country has shown an extraordinary pertinacity of self-preservation. We have a record of its extent and character in the reign of John, and what was Exmoor Forest then is mainly Exmoor now. A century ago, a certain industry in iron and cloth sprung up in some of its parishes, but machinery soon destroyed this, and Exmoor has returned to its archaic existence, rustic, isolated, contented.

But Exmoor has a famous and ancient sport which serves it as an industry. It has long been the only part of England in which the wild red deer is found. On Exmoor, the deer belonged to the Crown from the earliest times, and were protected by severe prescriptions. Since the reign of Elizabeth, when the chief forester of Exmoor, Hugh Pollard, kept a pack of stag-hounds at Simonsbath, this sport has been more and more the delight of every class of society in the district. It was never so popular as it is to-day. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that the stag-hunting is the principal interest of everybody, high or low, who inhabits Exmoor and its declivities. No sport interferes less than this with the convenience and the interests of farmers and labourers; none, in the genial

way in which it is now conducted, does more to draw together all classes of the community in one common interest. We dwell on this activity of the wild stag-hunting, which can be practised now nowhere else in England, rather than on the beauty and isolated romance of the district, which might be met by the cheap charge of sentimentality.

Sentimental, or not, the pleasures offered by this beautiful piece of country are threatened with absolute destruction. Exmoor lies, as a glance at the map will show, opposite the coast of South Wales. The miners of Cardiff and Merthyr Tydvil are extremely numerous, and in their hours of play extremely lively. Of what they can do when they are in high spirits, the unhappy dwellers at Ilfracombe and Clovelly, Devonshire villages on which steamers-full of Welsh miners make holiday raids, can tell many a tale. But they have hitherto spared the haunts of the wild deer, for the very good reason that they could not penetrate to them. A South Wales syndicate proposes to remove this difficulty. It has been suggested, as we are informed, by enterprising persons in Cardiff, to build a light railway from Minehead, on the Bristol Channel, right through the most sequestered and admirable part of Exmoor, to Lynton. It is impossible to say with what horror this proposition has been received by all the inhabitants of the threatened district, rich and poor alike, but they are few in numbers, and the tripping miners are like the sands on the seashore.

We are afraid that the very grave and moderate protests repeatedly addressed to the "Times" by the leading proprietors of the threatened parishes, and signed, among others, by Lord Ebrington, Mr. Acland, and Lord Lovelace, whose estates are particularly menaced, are in danger of missing the full attention they deserve. Another protest, signed without exception by every farmer in whose neighbourhood the railway would pass, does not less claim the notice of the Light Railway Commissioners.

It is not pretended that this railway would offer the very smallest advantage to the sparse population of the valleys through which it would run. It is not intended to benefit Exmoor in any way whatever. The sole design of the contractors is to benefit the shareholders by pouring hosts of "Saturday to Monday" trippers into a district which regards their invasion with horror. This is no case of opening out a country which has no means of bringing its goods to market. Exmoor has nothing to sell; it asks only to be left alone. In Lord Ebrington's excellent words, "this is simply an attempt made by persons at a distance to turn to their own pecuniary profit the beauties and advantages of a district in which they have no interest whatever."

Coaches at present traverse the country, and are amply sufficient for its demands. As to the stag-hunting, the antiquity and singularity of which give it so great a claim upon Englishmen, this will be entirely ruined. We learn that if the railway is commenced, the fixtures at Cloutsham, Hawkcombe Head and Culbone will have to be abandoned, since the projectors of the railway, by an ingenious arrangement, propose to cut their line precisely through the favourite coverts of the red deer. We have before us the official scheme of the railway, and it may be desirable that our readers should be exactly informed of the route which it proposes to take. It will start from Minehead, cut through the plantations at Great Haddon, cross the parishes of Luccombe, Selworthy and Porlock at their most sylvan points, climb to Oare, and so proceed by Culbone, Yenworthy and Countisbury Common, into Lynmouth. To any one who knows the country, the prospect of this useless desecration of wild and beautiful districts, that possess no commercial value, is distressing in the highest degree.

Has not the time almost come when this nation will step in, as other nations, such as the United States and France, have already done, and decide that our few remaining fragments of exquisite, non-productive land shall not be the prey of disinterested speculation? The destruction in these cases is irretrievable. Between Minehead and Porlock lies perhaps the most exquisite glen or coombe still existing in England. No one on the spot wishes that it should be altered; on the contrary, all classes on the spot are united in opposing the scheme. Once desecrated, this wonderful valley is lost for ever.

England is too small, and its population too large, for tricks of this kind to be played. Losses in our little island are irreparable losses. We hope that from all parts of the country help will come to aid the inhabitants of Exmoor in resisting the odious invasion of the South Welsh tripper, but what is done must be quickly done.

LIFE INSURANCE DEVELOPMENTS.—X.

THE publication of annual reports by Insurance Companies affords a convenient opportunity of forming an opinion upon the prospects of the offices. Such an opinion is, of course, not based solely upon the annual accounts, because the information annually called for by the Board of Trade is designed to tell us as little as possible about the Company's progress from year to year. Still the yearly inspection shows something, and in the case of the British Equitable, whose accounts have recently been issued, that something is sufficient to deter policy-holders from yielding to the persuasions of the Company or its agents. Before showing that this is so, a word of unstinted admiration must be given to the present manager for having in so short a time effected a considerable improvement in the state of affairs that formerly existed. While fully recognising the improvement that has taken place, it is abundantly evident that policy-holders would do much better to insure in almost any other company than in the British Equitable. This may not be consoling news to the holders of the 1625 new policies, who assured in 1897 for £279,732 at premiums of £8991. It is possible that "The well-known Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society" who has recently been elected a director may have influenced a number of Baptists to assure in his Company, but if so we are sorry for the Baptists.

One of the worst features about the Company is the enormous expenditure it incurs. It received in premiums £134,215, and paid in commission and expenses £35,342, or 26·3 per cent. of the premium income. This is equivalent to spending 164 per cent. of the first year's premium and 16·4 per cent. of the renewal premiums, a rate which is somewhat more than double the average expenditure of British offices. It is moreover a rate that is very largely in excess of the provision made at the last valuation for future expenses and profits. The proportion of the premiums reserved for this purpose was 19 per cent., and if over 26 per cent. is being expended, the profit from "loading," as it is technically called, becomes a minus quantity, and to the extent of about 7 per cent. of the premiums has to be made up from other sources. This deficiency is something over £9000 a year, and where this amount is to come from is not very apparent. The interest assumed in calculating the liabilities was 3½ per cent. on some policies and 4 per cent. on others, and the total interest earned upon the funds was the very satisfactory rate of £4 3s. 3d. per cent., so that the surplus from this source is at the outside ½ per cent. upon the funds, or, say, £7500 a year. This is not quite enough to make up the deficiency on the loading. No information is given about the mortality, so we are unable to say whether it is favourable or otherwise, but a company in so poor a plight as the British Equitable can scarcely be in a position to be very careful in the selection of lives: hence the profit from this source is not likely to be especially large. There are miscellaneous profits from non-participating policies and surrenders, but these must be very small, and the non-participating business, at any rate, yields no profit to the participating policy-holders, who only share in the surplus arising from their class. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the bonus is very small, being, in fact, only a reversionary addition of £1 per cent. per annum. The Company's premium rates at most ages are above the average, and their bonuses very much below it, so that an examination of the amount of assurance that can be purchased for a given amount of premium—say, £10 a year—works out at a smaller sum than in almost any other office. The average of fifty-two companies shows the results given in the following table, in which the figures of the British Equitable are stated for comparison.

Amount of whole-life policy for annual premium of £10 at commencement, and after being in force for twenty years.

	Age 20 at entry.		Age 30 at entry.		Age 40 at entry.		Age 50 at entry.	
	Commence.	20 years.	Commence.	20 years.	Commence.	20 years.	Commence.	20 years.
Average ...	£ 516	£ 666	£ 408	£ 528	£ 309	£ 403	£ 221	£ 293
British Equitable ...	525	630	408	490	303	363	212	255
Difference ...	+ 9	- 36	- 38	- 6	- 40	- 9	- 38	- 38
Good... ..	578	705	452	560	335	427	229	309
British Equitable ...	525	630	408	490	303	363	212	255
Difference ...	- 53	- 75	- 44	- 70	- 32	- 64	- 17	- 54

These are the results of participating whole-life policies in the whole of the companies doing business in Great Britain whose figures can be stated in this way. Besides giving the average results we give also some good results, not quite the best, but still among the best, and show how the British Equitable compares with both average and good results. A plus sign shows where they are above, and a minus sign where they are below, the other results. Even when compared with average results the policies of the British Equitable after being in force for twenty years are £36 less at age twenty for entry; £38 less for age thirty; £40 less for age forty, and £38 less for age fifty. As the total policies, especially at the later ages are quite small in amount, these differences are proportionately very large indeed, and afford conclusive proof that no policy-holder who wishes to assure to the best advantage should go to the British Equitable. With policies of longer duration the results would be even worse, and in spite of the reduction in expenditure the present manager has brought about there is no reason whatever for supposing that the results yielded by the Company will improve, and it may even be thought they will in the future be worse rather than better. We are sorry for the management, but the right course for intending assurers is clear.

PARIS.

Rodin's *Balsac* — Bourdelle — Puvis de Chavannes — Anquetin — Milcendeau — The Return of the Prodigals.

NOW when the *Société des Gens de Lettres* saw the host of the *Philistines*, it was afraid, and its heart greatly trembled (yet a statue to *Balsac* had to be put up somehow, and it had not the face to give the commission to M. Falguière).

And when the Society inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered them not, neither by dreams, nor by the process of voting, nor by the mouth of critics.

Then said the Society unto its servants, Seek me a sculptor that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to him, and inquire of him. And its servants said to it, Behold there is a man that hath a familiar spirit at No. 182 Rue de l'Université.

And the Society disguised itself as an artist, and put on other raiment, and went, and a committee with it, and came to Rodin by night: and said, I pray thee, divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me him up whom I shall name unto thee.

And Rodin said unto it, Behold thou knowest what the *Société des Gens de Lettres* hath done, how it hath cut off those that have familiar spirits, and all wizards and Romantics, out of the land: wherefore then layest thou a snare for my life, to cause me to be conspued in the Press? Besides, you will not like him when you see him, you will say that it is not a portrait of the man, also that I did not bring him up to time, and that I am a swindler.

And the Society swore to him by the honour of *Gens de Lettres*, saying, As *Gens de Lettres* are dead-alive, there shall no punishment happen to thee for this thing. We will take what you give us.

Then said the sculptor, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And it said, Bring me up *Balsac*.

And when the sculptor saw *Balsac*, he cried with a loud voice, for he saw that this would never do; and his eyes were opened and he looked upon the Society, saying, Why hast thou deceived me? for thou art really M. Prudhomme.

And that gentleman said unto him, Be not afraid, for what sawest thou? And the sculptor said unto him, I saw gods ascending out of the earth.

And the aforesaid party said again, What form is he of? And he said, An Old Man cometh up: and he is covered with a mantle. And the Society perceived that it was *Balsac*, and was terrified out of its wits, and wanted to back out of its bargain.

And the Parisians, when they saw him, split their sides with laughing, and the artists pretended not to have seen him at all, or "not to have had an opportunity of examining him with attention."

And the critics ran about in great perplexity to find out whether it was right to laugh or to be serious, and on the whole concluded that it was an excellent "blague" on Rodin's part. But one of them went unto M. Falguière, and interviewed him, and spake unto him, saying, What is your opinion? And M. Falguière responded "finement," "C'est évidemment ce qu'on regarde le plus."

English readers will best understand this last enormity by imagining that one of our popular artists had been invited to pronounce upon one of our masters, say the author of the mosaics in the choir of St. Paul's on the author of the mosaics in the dome. In such a case Sir W. B. Richmond, no doubt, would say, You must not suppose that because we both have mosaics in St. Paul's, these mosaics are in the same world of art. Alfred Stevens was a man of genius, whereas the Dean and Chapter who mangled his monument, unaccountably placed the whole choir at my disposal to do the best I could with it. Suppose, instead of the modest reply we should look for, he were to shrug his shoulders and say, Well, I'm told people have the odd taste to look at Stevens' mosaics sometimes, we should have a parallel to M. Falguière's treatment of the interviewer.

On the main matter I have possibly done the Society wrong. They were perhaps quite honestly in search of a photographer, and were merely directed to the wrong address. They had no wish to call up the dead prophet; they proposed simply to have a marble likeness of a professional writer in hat and trousers set upon a pedestal to look like one of themselves. But by some mistake they knocked at the door of the one living sculptor of genius, the one artist who has commerce with shadows and terrors, the wizard who has a familiar, who can cast a spell and bring up spirits, not as, embarrassed, they walked the streets, but as they rule in the land of spirits. Rodin, simple man, thought it was this they asked of him, and he has cast the spell. The artist, who seemed to us of late to be relaxing and softening over fragments and morsels of exquisite imagination, has in these last two years risen to the height of the most heroic creator in the monument to Victor Hugo and the figure now presented to the mockery of the Boulevards. It is hard to say which is the grander, the stormy listening figure of the one, between harpy-muse and angel, or the single apparition of the other; but the *Balsac* is perhaps the more wonderful. It strikes on your sight from the distance, an upward-swaying block like a grey menhir: as you draw nearer an old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle, a head with a lion's mane shines out, and the brows are terribly bent. Then, as you go round about it, this simple-seeming figure lives and changes with a life of force and irony and defiance. If we are to "bring up" from the death and time that have made him awful to us and bigger than human any semblance of that creator of a vast Comedy played by prodigals of life and hate and love, by victims of faith and thought, of greed and affection, this surely was how it must be done.

I repeat, in the hope that a new name may gradually become familiar, that of M. Emile Bourdelle, who has caught something of the inspiration of the master. He shows us this year a noble head in marble—already shown in the plaster—and a project for a monument of the war of 1870, full of beauty and pity.

The "Geneviève Watching over the Sleeping City" of Puvis de Chavannes is set against one of his grandest landscapes, a moonlight Paris seen from her watch-tower. The figure, as always, is one of those forms turned almost rudely to a kind of patient stone, through

which only the humility and the high calm of the scene may speak in an art of background and wide reverie.

The most opposite nature possible inspires the art of M. Anquetin, full-blooded, virile, passionate. Born in our distracted time, he has been a *chercheur* passing from a Japanese phase to the imitation of Manet, of Daumier, and at last challenges a place among the great wrestlers where Michael Angelo and Rubens are the champions. He is the only Frenchman of the young generation who has the muscle for the effort, or even the ambition or the admiration for it. Almost alone, he would fain recreate *le beau*. His art is the male of Charles Conder's; where in that all is style and charm, in his all is style and vigour. I gave some description of his great decoration with its painted framework in "Cosmopolis" two years ago. It has now found a place (with some difficulty) at the Champ de Mars section of the Salon, and there is a talk of its being bought by the State. Across all the sickening intrigues and jealousies of art-politics there is in France usually some spirit of enthusiasm that does homage to the appearance of a real man.

Another talent reveals itself in the drawings of M. Milcendeau, a modest but a very definite gift. Some years back a whole group of men were executing drawings, about which an exquisite art seemed to hover, without quite settling and becoming clearly visible. There was Mr. Cushing, Mr. Studd, Mr. Rothenstein. The last is on the chase now of something different, but M. Milcendeau seems to me to have captured a reading of Holbein for his personal use that many other draughtsmen would fain have caught so clearly. Scale, balance of line and modelling, proportion of colour all unite to make these drawings complete things-of-art with the stamp of what is precious.

The general outlook in painting is not hopeful. There is a certain return of the prodigals, but it is rather a sad business. I mean that painters who have indulged themselves in a very personal and extravagant art are trying to retrace their steps and make themselves a better-based style. Thus M. Raffaelli comes back from his *chiffonnés* sketches to undertake portrait, Mr. Alexander, who has been working on the base of the elegant poster, attempts solidier work: both are for the moment dull as drinkers of spirits who revert to water. M. Besnard, on the other hand, holds on his way and still treats a portrait as a soap-bubble effect. It is a pity, because he has no need to cling to his success in soap-bubbles; it is the greater pity, because he is almost the only surviving Frenchman in paint, one who can render the *allure* and charm of a woman. M. Carrière, too, carries into monumental painting the *parti-pris* of smoky envelopment that is much too private a manner of seeing for such work, and M. Aman-Jean's charm withers. The soil was too thin, the plant too slight, the gardener forced too much. Mr. Humphreys Johnston has made a soberer advance on the right track, and takes a long step ahead with his "Circe," which ought to be seen in London. Another American, Mr. Macmonnies, exhibits an enormous chariot group of sculpture that decorated the Chicago Exhibition. I should not call it a work of genius, but it reaches a rare level of monumental efficiency, one that none of our sculptors could touch. He knows at least where to find his bricks and how to lay them.

I limit myself in this notice to what is either surpassing in interest, or else new, leaving what might be expected from the old hands without mention. I will close then with a word about M. Eugène Lomont, who will surely soon be recognised as one of the most able imitative painters of his time, or indeed of any time. He is able in the sense of the Dutch realists, whom he rivals, and at points surpasses, in his rendering of textures under light. He is not a great artist, but he has the love of De Hoogh or of Ver Meer for light that falls into a room and spills itself on what it finds, and he chooses his subjects to concentrate this effect to the utmost. To any one who does not sympathise with his interest they must appear curiously stupid.

The development of applied arts in France runs, even more than in England, to feeble originality and extravagance, the originality of the man who forgets that a cup ought to be a cup, a candlestick a candlestick, a chair a chair. But if design is bad, material and

workmanship are often exquisite, and perhaps some guiding spirit may yet appear out of all the ferment. The greatest force so far, Jean Carriès the potter, made for a sensualism of colour and grain, and libertinism of form, and his limitations are only too faithfully perpetuated.

D. S. M.

THE OPERA.

IN the temporary absence of the musical critic of the "Saturday Review" I have been asked by the editor to supply his customary columns upon the one art of the world which has suffered most in all time from the abuse of vague and insignificant words. As the cant phrase goes, the musical season is now at its full height, and I gladly avail myself of the opportunity too inopportunistically provided for me.

On Monday the Opera Season opened—an event which is supposed to create the wildest excitement in the breasts of all those fashionable subscribers without whose subvention it would not be possible to carry on opera at all that is not assisted by the State. The State in England, however, concerns itself with the subtle affairs of tea and tobacco rather than with the arts that go to make the enjoyments and the culture of the people. So opera wanders about in this country like a pauper, dependent upon the casual coin and the patronising smile of those who are quite annoyed if they cannot have their "Lucia" sung by the divine Melba, sandwiched between the performances of "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." Mr. Balfour is said to have a condescension towards Wagner and a pious passion for Handel; but it would require ten thousand times the courage of the Balfour even of Irish Secretary days to propose a State subsidy for opera in this country. It is a pity; for State aid is the only sure avenue to a really responsible and independent scheme of opera. Even the subscription system, however, is better than the system of cheapening every detail of operatic production to which all independent managers apparently fly, not for the sake of art but out of that short-sighted prudence which is a distinguishing mark of the tribe.

Under the circumstances, then, we ought to congratulate ourselves that we have an opera season of any kind, and the announcements that have been made on the subject of the preparations for this year's season have aroused the keenest expectations on every side. The chorus, which has been matter for so much legitimate irony and ridicule in former years, had passed, so the newspaper paragraphs informed us, through a fiery ordeal of selection and rejection. It had been "weeded out;" young blood had been introduced, and the most careful attention had been paid to dramatic training and to conscientious rehearsal. Then the lists of soloists and of operas to be performed are really magnificent. Calvé, Eames, Melba, Brema, and a host of other eminent creatures; cycles of the "Ring der Nibelungen;" three Wagner operas in the first week; here was regal fare indeed. But one thing remained: to perform these masterpieces of the human brain, aided by all these resources, in a manner worthy of the metropolis and the managerial ambition. We foregathered at Covent Garden on Monday night in a spirit of enormous anticipation.

The National Anthem was sung; the curtain rose. But what was this? Where was that galaxy of manly men and lovely ladies who had abandoned the wealth of Golconda for the privilege of singing in the chorus at Covent Garden? These faces were curiously familiar, surely. I scanned them with an eye filled with dismay. That worn expression, those weary, indifferent glances cast around an audience of which they were utterly careless, those strident tones, that poor management of such simple accessories as a sword and shield, that lack of enthusiasm—surely a picture of ancient history was being unrolled, this was the old chorus of Covent Garden, a grim spring had returned again. It was true; and perhaps for the sake of the theatre it was something of a pity that "Lohengrin" opened the season, for in this great work the choral element is almost as important as any of the principal parts, and I refuse to disguise from myself the fact that there was on this occasion no improvement, no progress in the unique Covent Garden chorus. I call it unique, for indeed there probably never has been quite this

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GRATIS.

Among the books already published by MR. GRANT RICHARDS in 1898 are the following:—

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SUPPLEMENT.

THE HISTORY OF A FAILURE.

"Nippur or Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates: the narrative of the University of Pennsylvania Expedition to Babylonia in the years 1888-90." By John Punnett Peters. Vol. I. First Campaign. New York & London: Putnam.

WE cannot imagine what evil genius inspired Dr. Peters to publish this volume without waiting for its sequel. The expedition to Babylonia, repeated several times, reflects infinite credit on the enlightenment and munificence of the gentlemen of Philadelphia, who subscribed £14,000 to carry it out. But the first year's "campaign," as its director confesses, was an unmitigated failure. The failure was amply redeemed in subsequent years, when the temple of Bel was thoroughly explored, and the history of the venerable city of Niffer or Nippur was established, and illustrated by between thirty and forty thousand inscriptions, extending over a period of 5000 years. The rational course would have been to pass lightly over the unimportant efforts of the first year, and to devote the bulk of the publication to the really valuable results which followed. But Dr. Peters has no sense of proportion. He must needs begin at the very beginning—it is a mercy he did not start with the Garden of Eden—and he insists on recording every insignificant detail of an unfruitful and totally uneventful expedition. The consequence is that, out of the three hundred and seventy-five pages which swell out the volume, only thirty-three treat of the work at Nippur—less than one-tenth of the whole.

If the other nine-tenths contained much of general interest, or even mere novelty, we might not complain. A good book of travels is a pleasure to read, even when it traverses well-worn tracks. But Dr. Peters' work is emphatically not a good book of travels. It has no pretensions to style, humour, graphic power, or knowledge of the country, language, or people. We are not even introduced to the Euphrates until a quarter of the book has been wasted—on what? On an elaborate account of the way in which the "public-spirited gentlemen of Philadelphia" (one of whom appears in the frontispiece) raised the money. We have every admiration for these "public-spirited gentlemen," but we cannot profess the faintest curiosity about their names or how many dollars they respectively raised. Then follows another elaborate account of the negotiations Dr. Peters instituted at Constantinople to obtain the necessary authority to excavate,—the Turks' delays, the insolence of office, and the general "botheration" which patient merit had to put up with. Like things have happened to every explorer on Ottoman soil—to Layard, to Newton, to Rassam, even to Budge. There is not the slightest interest in divulging the painful throes which invariably precede the birth of a firmán. Dr. Peters, however, will let us off nothing. We are treated to street-scenes in Constantinople—even the everlasting curs have their turn; and of course there are dervishes galore, with a Persian Passion Play thrown in, but curiously enough without a word about the action of the play itself. As if this were not enough by way of digression in a book entitled "Nippur," a biography is inserted of Hamdy Bey, the energetic director of the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. We missed the biography of the U.S. Minister, or of the President—but perhaps we searched carelessly.

We must admit that Dr. Peters takes us with commendable celerity from the Golden Horn to the Euphrates, by way of Alexandretta and Aleppo. Twenty pages actually do the whole trip. Once arrived at the Great River, however, our guide becomes learnedly topographical, and bores us with that interminable subject of discussion, the identification of sites. We believe he really has happened upon a new and plausible identification of Thapsacus, but otherwise, so far as we can see, he has chiefly laboured the fields already well ploughed by Chesney, Ainsworth, and Sachau. The expedition began in 1888, so the philosophical, scientific, and reverend doctor (it is odd to notice the order of precedence on the title-page, Ph.D., Sc.D., D.D.) has had nine years in which to get up his facts. It is impossible to approve the carping manner in which he frequently

criticises General Francis Rawdon Chesney, R.A. Chesney was the father of Euphrates exploration, his survey is still the best, as a whole, in existence, and considering that he first made the voyage sixty years ago his antiquarian and topographical learning are remarkable. Dr. Peters is hardly the man to challenge him. What, for instance, can we think of a traveller who is fond of expatiating on "Saracenic and Mohammedan architecture" (as if they were two things) and is absolutely ignorant, not only of Arabic (his Arabic names are often scarcely recognisable) but of Mohammedan history? Here is a charming example of the reading of an inscription! "In the name of God, the merciful and gracious, Bekr Mohammed ibn Eyub Khalil, prince of believers, has gone up!" Dr. Peters cannot identify this "Bekr," but anybody with a smattering of Oriental history could not mistake him. Of course it is "Abû Bekr Mohammed son of Ayyûb, friend of the Prince of the Faithful," i.e., El-'Adil the brother of Saladin. He explains Salahiyyeh as named after Salâh-ed-dîn, ignoring the fact that the town is spelled Es-Sâlihiyyeh, and has nothing to do with the great Soldan. Writing of the Castle of Ja'bar, Dr. Peters informs us that it "played quite (*sic*) a part in the conquest of this country by the Seljukian Turks," but apparently he has never heard of the most celebrated event connected with the fortress, the murder of the Atâbeg Zengî. Even in cuneiform learning the Expedition must have been "sadly to seek," though, after all, cuneiform inscriptions were their "objective." Here is their first experience:—

"A Syrian Catholic priest met us outside of Deir, and invited us to be his guests—an invitation which we politely declined. We saw a good deal of him later, and he and his brother tried to sell us forged antiquities. At the outset we were all taken in; and Harper and Hilprecht had quite a contest as to priority of right, and which should have the honour of buying the antiquities. Fortunately the man did not accept our first offer. Later, Hilprecht found some frauds in the possession of the priest's brother. This . . . awakened my suspicions, and I sent for the first lot again. On closer examination it proved that they were all forgeries. Among them was a curious plaque with a Buddhistic figure upon it, and underneath, written in cuneiform characters, the word *Buddha*."

If explorers are let loose upon the world who could for a second accept as genuine a Buddhistic cuneiform tablet, archaeology must provide a special lunatic asylum. Speaking of antiquity dealers, we find a reference to "the Daoud Thoma ring," followed by the statement that "Daoud Thoma was Hormuzd Rassam's head man in his excavations, and it is publicly claimed by the British Museum officials that tablets belonging to those excavations have been making their appearance piecemeal ever since." We do not know about the "public claim," but we do know that the matter formed the subject of a libel action brought by Mr. Rassam against one British Museum official, and should be discussed with caution.

The expedition was most hospitably entertained at Baghdad by Major Talbot, and visited the neighbouring objects of interest, among others the tomb of Zubeyda, the wife of Harûn-er-Rashîd. Dr. Peters does not mention that the tombstone of this lady was carried off, yet, unless our memory fails us, one of the members of the expedition certainly had it in London some years ago. The removal smacks of sacrilege. Soon after leaving Baghdad the expedition reached Nippur, and at last the narrative becomes interesting, not because anything important was found in the trenches they cut through the mounds, but because life became extremely exciting by reason of the jealousies and feuds of the rival Arab tribes, who all wanted to be retained as guards of the American camp, and to be paid and fed and doctored and "tobaccoed" by the explorers. Wardances and alarming demonstrations were frequent, varied by the usual appeals to Dr. Peters to minister to every sort of disease out of a limited medicine chest. At last a horse-thief was shot in the camp, apparently by accident; the tribal indignation could not be appeased, and the only course was retreat. So, after two months and a half of unsuccessful excavation, the expedition retired from the field. "Our first year at Nippur

had ended in failure and disaster. I had failed to win the confidence of my comrades. None of them agreed with me in my belief in the importance of Nippur and the desirability of excavating down to the foundations. The Arabs had proved treacherous. I was sick and nervous. . . . In fact, I was on the verge of collapse, and the world had never seemed quite so black before."

Poor Dr. Peters! We are sincerely sorry for him, and rejoice that he retrieved this disaster in a second effort. But in all sincerity we cannot see the smallest necessity for so minute a record of his failure.

SIR THOMAS MAITLAND.

"Sir Thomas Maitland: The Mastery of the Mediterranean." By Walter Frewen Lord. "Builders of the Empire Series." London: Unwin.

MR. WALTER FREWEN LORD has presented the world, at the psychological moment, with a biography of an almost unknown man, who left his impress on the Empire. Thomas Maitland first gave his countrymen an idea of his mettle by his masterly evacuation of the position held by Great Britain in Hayti or San Domingo, as it was then called. It was at the beginning of May, 1798, that he accomplished this exceptionally difficult feat, without in any way prejudicing the interests of the whites who elected not to follow him, but to trust to the tender mercies of Toussaint L'Ouverture. Toussaint was a full-blooded negro, who had driven the Spaniards out of the island and reduced the authority of the French to a mere name. To-day West Indian seas are once more the scene of conflict, and whilst Cuba, so far as Spain is concerned, is likely to go the way of Hayti, curiously enough the French are preparing to surrender to the Haytian Republic the body of Toussaint L'Ouverture, which lies buried at Joux. Nor is this the only anniversary interest of Mr. Lord's volume. For five troublesome years Maitland was Governor of Ceylon, which, after two years' misgovernment, was handed over to the British Crown by the East India Company in 1798. Maitland was also Ionian High Commissioner at the time when Greece was fighting for her independence, and was thus called upon to maintain British neutrality in the Seven Islands. His courageous impartiality in this trying position should serve as an admirable object-lesson to any Colonial Governor who might be tempted to take sides in the Spanish-American conflict to-day.

It is remarkable how little is recorded of Maitland in general histories. In works dealing with the growth and development of the British Empire, Maitland's name is practically ignored, and Mr. Lord is entitled to our gratitude on account of the research which places us in possession of so extraordinary a record. Maitland's character, in its Imperial aspect at least, was unique, and Mr. Lord portrays it in sufficiently vivid colours to ensure for it a permanent place in our memories. Born in 1759 or thereabouts, Maitland was the descendant of a crafty and sturdy Scottish stock. He joined the army and went to India, but was not destined to shine as a soldier. Returning to England, he entered the House of Commons and posed as the most uncompromising of Little Englanders. He was the Labouchere of the end of the eighteenth century. His speeches were violently anti-Imperial, and his abuse of the men who were doing the work of the Empire in distant climes was equalled only by the hard things said of himself in the days when he had become one of the pillars of that Empire. His attack on Warren Hastings was so unbridled that, even in those hard-hitting days, he was sharply called to order by the Speaker. We should not probably be far wrong if we said that Maitland made himself offensive with interested motives. At any rate, directly he secured a Colonial appointment, his Little Englandism disappeared, and he became a most emphatic and determined upholder of British authority wheresoever he chanced to find himself, whether on the other side of the Atlantic, in Eastern waters, or in the Mediterranean. It is true that he inaugurated his abandonment of the rôle of Little Englander by carrying out Pitt's orders—issued, by the way, not to himself but to another—to evacuate San Domingo. The pluck with

which he faced a truly Imperial load of responsibility marked him out as the man to evolve something like order out of the chaos to which Frederick North, "the most gentlemanly and most thoroughly incapable" of Colonial Governors, as Mr. Lord calls him, had reduced Ceylon in the first years of the present century. In Ceylon, as later in Malta and the Ionian Islands, Maitland proved himself a monster of industry. His methods were masterful; none other, indeed, would have cleared out the Augean stables which confronted him in the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean. He grappled with corruption, whether in Government offices or in public institutions with which he could hardly be expected to concern himself, and in petty details he was as thorough and far-sighted as in schemes of high Imperial policy. He was a born administrator, and in the interest of the King's service he was as ready as Nelson himself to place a blind eye to the glass. In the Mediterranean he won the title of King Tom. The wonder is that he was not called Tyrant Tom. That the sobriquet did not go so far may be accepted as the best proof that he tempered his autocratic methods with justice.

What Maitland accomplished, he accomplished through sheer force of character and intuition. Education did not help him, because he was absolutely ignorant of those things which are regarded as indispensable to men in the public service. Mr. Lord says that he embarked upon his career of Colonial administrator "with this double advantage: he was born in the purple, and he was a totally uneducated man." The eccentric scribble which he dignified by the name of handwriting was "the handiwork of a man who did not know how to write." His signature was as legible upside down as otherwise. During a period when classical quotations marked the educated gentleman, neither in speech nor writing did Maitland ever use a Latin phrase. He once quoted Swift, and he once mentioned Adam Smith. Maitland's book was Life: men were his constant study. In that respect he would have satisfied Pope himself. He developed a perfect genius for the management of men and affairs. "Tact, tact, tact," says Mr. Lord, "this was Maitland's daily sermon in the service." His readiness in grasping the essential differences in the character and prejudices of the various peoples he was called on to control accounts for his success. He had but one principle, and that was "the safety, honour and welfare of his Majesty and his dominions." Principles in general he abhorred. Sometimes he described them as "detestable," sometimes as "ridiculous," never as deserving of respect. He had a will of iron, and his only solace, according to Mr. Lord, was "gross indulgence." Such was the man to whom, during several years, British interests in the Mediterranean were largely entrusted at a time when Napoleon was prepared to make any sacrifice to secure the mastery of the inland sea and of the overland route to India. Personally unattractive, Maitland nevertheless commands our admiration as a statesman who entertained a proper conception not only of Britain's Imperial destiny, but of her Imperial duty to subject races.

THE VERY LATEST PHILOSOPHER.

"What is Life? or Where are we? What are we? Whence do we come? And whither do we go?" By Frederick Hovenden. London: Chapman.

IT will be surmised from the title of this work that Mr. Frederick Hovenden is a philosopher who has condescended to unriddle, for the people at large, the problem of life, and a few other cognate matters which the charlatans of the past, the theologians and philosophers, have shrouded in a veil of mystery. There is no mystery in life whatever. Mr. Hovenden has seen it, and knows all about it. Substantially, it is "an anti-gravitating fluid;" qualitatively it is simply heat. This is not exactly Mr. Hovenden's way of putting it. He regards heat as substance, spells it with a capital H, and identifies it with the life of the universe. At the same time there is a universe which is other than its life, and this universe consists of molecules. There are molecules many and various—no paltry combinations of seventy odd elementary substances: say, rather, seventy

million: seventy million species, or rather genera, of molecule, and every molecule eternal, and with its potentiality strictly determined in the building up of the universe. Thus, scattered through the world-spaces are vegetable molecules, and animal molecules, dog molecules, and man molecules, and it follows from the author's reasoning that there is one eternal Hovenden-molecule condemned through infinite time to undergo alternate processes of degeneration and regeneration, and at æonian intervals to perplex and harass weary critics with his philosophy of life—an appalling instrument of eternal punishment.

Mr. Hovenden may be a scientist for aught we know. He is certainly an assiduous student of scientific text-books, and has woven interesting matter into his own pages. We might possibly have accorded him a different reception but for the monumental stupidity and vulgarity of his attitude towards current forms of religious consciousness. His view appears to be that fools built up the systems of thought which prevail, and knaves the systems of government which continue, and he is consequently abusive and contemptuous of that which he does not understand. Here, for instance, is Mr. Hovenden's luminous comment on the well-known admonition, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain," &c. "Let all the priests of all the denominations come . . . let them bring their altars, their incense, their holy-water, their candles, their prayer-books and their Bibles, and attempt to move that mound of earth a fraction of a distance by faith—but hands off!—and the victory of Christianity is gained. In a season of doubt, when every conceivable question is being sifted by intelligent minds, how vastly important it is that the priests should accept this challenge."

On a preceding page Mr. Hovenden, alluding to the subject of original sin, enlightens us with the information that "the legend is a lie," and to emphasise the emphatic and make his meaning plain, he proceeds to assure us that it is a d—d lie. When we read Mr. Hovenden's criticism of the Christian conception of faith, we put down his book with the observation, "All this is nonsense"; and we must admit that we also proceeded to emphasise the observation.

KOREA AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

"Korea and Her Neighbours. A Narrative of Travel, with an Account of the Recent Vicissitudes and Present Position of the Country." By Mrs. Bishop. London: Murray.

IN days when every one who has spent a few weeks in a foreign country considers that he or she is entitled to inflict upon a too patient public a mass of superficial twaddle, which is dignified with the name of a book of travel, it is refreshing to come across a work which has more than a passing interest. Mrs. Bishop's stay in Korea was sufficiently prolonged to give her a "residence qualification," which has enabled her to produce a trustworthy account of the country and its people.

Before the outbreak of the Chino-Japanese war Korea was to most Europeans a mere "geographical expression," but that episode in her history has shaken her out of her sleep and the isolation of centuries. She now "finds herself confronted with an array of powerful, ambitious, aggressive and not always over-scrupulous powers . . . forcing her into new paths, ringing with rude hands the knell of time-honoured custom, clamouring for concessions, and bewildering her with reforms, suggestions and panaceas, of which she sees neither the meaning nor the necessity."

One of the results of Mrs. Bishop's repeated visits to Korea during the years 1894-97 was to modify her first impressions of the race and their future. Narrow-minded, indolent and suspicious, conceited, supercilious and timid, cringing to their superiors, destitute of all religion and moral sense, steeped in the grossest superstition, this people gave little promise of any future other than one of permanent degradation. Yet that they can rise out of their antique Orientalism to higher things, under the control of a guiding and capable hand, was made evident to the author after a more thorough observation of their life. She found the

Korean settlers on the Russian border developed, within a comparatively short time, into prosperous farmers and successful market-gardeners, whilst the cringing timidity which characterises them in their own peninsula had changed into a manly independence. Such a transformation, coupled with the progress made by the Koreans first under the tutelage of Japan and subsequently under that of Russia, goes some way to prove the probability of the view that they are not unpromising material under the influence of Western ideas.

As a set-off to their bad qualities, Mrs. Bishop credits the people with the possession of a liberal mental endowment, a quickness of perception and a talent for the rapid acquisition of languages, but "Korean education has hitherto failed to produce patriots, thinkers, or honest men." This is not surprising when we learn something of their method. Here is Mrs. Bishop's description of a Korean school: "In an ordinary Korean school the pupils, seated on the floor with their Chinese books in front of them, the upper parts of their bodies swaying violently from side to side or backwards and forwards, from daylight till sunset, vociferate at the highest and loudest pitch of their voices their assigned lessons from the Chinese classics . . . filling their receptive memories with fragments of the learning of the Chinese sages and passages of mythical history, the begoggled teacher, erudite and supercilious, rod in hand and with a book before him, now and then throwing in a word of correction in stentorian tones which rise above the din." But during the past few years evidence has not been wanting of some progress even in the direction of educational reform.

Of the transition of Korea from the old order to the new, of the industries, habits, customs and superstitions of the people, and of the official corruption which reigns supreme, ample information will be found throughout the pages of these volumes. The status of the Korean woman, who accepts inferiority as her natural lot, will not commend itself to the advanced views of some of her sisters in this country, but even they will derive some satisfaction from the knowledge that the Korean man is a mere "nobody until he is married. He is a being of no account, a 'hobbledehoy.' The wedding-day is the entrance on respectability and manhood, and marks a leap upward on the social ladder." Marriage, in fact, transforms the chrysalis into the butterfly. The importance of this ceremony in the eyes of a Korean may be gathered from the fact that "a man gains the reputation of being a neglectful father who allows his son to reach the age of twenty unmarried."

In view of recent developments in the Far East Mrs. Bishop's concluding words on the political situation in the country when she left it in 1897 are instructive, and there is only too much reason for agreeing with her view, that, in spite of the financial capacity and activity of the "British Financial Adviser," the effacement of our political influence has been caused by a policy of laissez-faire.

WOMEN AS GUARDIANS.

"Workhouses and Pauperism." By Louisa Twining. London: Methuen.

THERE are still some three hundred Boards of Guardians without women members. If the electors of these benighted unions would study Miss Twining's book we are sure that the number would be reduced to vanishing-point. She gives us here, not a connected story, but notes and jottings of her own nine years' work as a guardian; and it is impossible to read them without agreeing with her that there are certain departments of the work of Poor Law administration to which efficient attention cannot be given except by women. Her own estimate is that at least six women are required upon the Board of every large union. The general public have but little idea of the enormous amount of detailed domestic work to which guardians have to give supervision of a kind. It is obvious that it must be of a very nominal kind when conducted by men in such matters as the arrangements of lying-in wards, nursing work, provision for bathing and sanita-

tion in the female departments of the house, laundry and kitchen work, and a hundred other details of a similar kind. The practice of exclusively male Boards is to leave these things to officials without supervision. Certainly Miss Twining's officials had no ground of complaint that they were left without supervision or guidance. She has a splendid record of activity, and owes her success as an administrator mainly to a persistent attention to details. Nothing escapes her, down to the inspection of saucepans in the workhouse kitchen, or the method of boiling greens for the paupers' table; and women guardians who desire to make the most of their opportunities will find in these notes many a suggestion for work. This personal record is the main feature of a most interesting book.

In her closing chapters Miss Twining deals with the question raised in the "Saturday Review" a few weeks ago, in an article entitled "Workhouse Nurses." The recent order of the Local Government Board forbidding the employment of paupers as nurses will increase the demand for trained nurses very greatly. Even prior to the issue of the order the supply of trained nurses was insufficient to meet the demand, and the problem of providing them is very serious and urgent. There is no need to repeat facts and arguments so recently set forth in these columns, but we can at least notice with pleasure that Miss Twining, with her unrivalled experience upon this matter, fully agrees with us in urging upon the Local Government Board that, having issued its most admirable order, it must of necessity follow it up by adopting measures upon an adequate scale for providing and training nurses to meet the demand.

THE NEW MANUAL OF MORPHOLOGY.

"A Text-book of Zoology." By T. Jeffrey Parker and William A. Haswell. 2 vols. London: Macmillan.

THAT the days of one-man, or even of two-men, text-books of zoology are over is the first conclusion forced upon us by these bulky and long-expected volumes. The work has been compiled by two men, both of great industry, whose knowledge of zoology covers an area which is unusually wide for these days of ultraspecialism. The authors, moreover, have had extensive experience in zoological teaching, both being professors of biology, the one at Sydney and the other at Dunedin. Hence they know the lines a text-book should follow, and their plan is admirable. The work opens with a short introduction and a clearly written sketch of the general structure and physiology of animals. Then follows the section which occupies the bulk of the two volumes, and contains an account of the twelve "phyla," or principal divisions of the animal kingdom. "There can be no question," say the authors, "as to the vast improvement effected in zoological teaching by the practice of preceding the study of a given group as a whole, by the accurate examination of a suitable member of it." Acting upon this principle, the account of each group begins with a brief statement of the animals included in it; then follows a detailed description of an easily procurable member of each of the principal subdivisions of the group. The student having thus gained some knowledge of the anatomy and life-history of the most important members of the phylum, is able to appreciate the precise statement of its distinctive characters and the summary of its classification. Finally, there is an account of the general organization of the group with reference to its affinities, its evolution and the habits of its members. The last section of the work consists of three interestingly written chapters on the distribution of animal life, the philosophy of zoology and the history of the science.

The method adopted by the authors appears admirably adapted to the requirements of serious zoological students, and we therefore all the more deplore the imperfect and unsatisfactory execution. The book has one main fault. It is on too large a scale for two men to compile properly. The progress of zoology is so rapid, and the literature so vast, that it is impossible for any two men to keep pace with it. In future, great text-books of zoology will probably have to be prepared on the lines that Professor Lankester is adopting in the

new "Oxford Zoology," in which each phylum is entrusted to a specialist. The two authors have attempted a task beyond their powers, and their work is accordingly antiquated. We are warned that a part of it was set up in type towards the end of 1895, and that the sheets were passed for press in 1896. But we have been sometimes tempted to regard these dates as misprints for 1885 and 1886. And there are sins of commission as serious as and less excusable than those of omission. Thus, to take the chapter on the echinoderms, we may note the following more or less serious errors; the ophiuroids are said to have five pairs of genital glands, one pair to each bursa; *Arthenosoma* is said to differ from all the rest of the sea-urchins in that its shell has a certain degree of flexibility; we are told that there are no ambulacral grooves in any of the Ophiuroidea; the plates are said to overlap in the Palæo-echinoidea, and the orientation of the sea-urchin, and the structure of the ambulacral plates of *Echinus*, given on pp. 365-366, are both erroneous. Similar catalogues of errors could be compiled for most of the other groups, and in some of them the views stated are even more antiquated. The systematic synopses are brief, and that is their best merit; for in many cases the average university student would be expected to be more up to date in his final examination. Hence, the book cannot be recommended to teachers without a warning that it is unreliable; but it probably will be more useful to teachers than to any other class. Not many students could afford so expensive a work, and though the plan is suited to their requirements, the treatment is not. For example, there is, on pp. 328-331, a fairly full account of the structure of *Phoronis*; but there is no attempt to contrast that animal with its possible allies. Its probable affinities and special anatomical features the student has to extract for himself from some pages of technicalities. Another defect in the book is the scarcity of references to zoological literature. There is an appendix of five pages, called a guide to "modern" zoological literature; but it is beneath criticism, and in the bulk of the work there are no references to those original authorities, to whom advanced students should be continually encouraged to refer. We are sorry to have to say so much in disparagement of the last work of Jeffrey Parker, whose early death has been a serious loss to biological science. But these volumes are not equal to his reputation nor to that of Professor Haswell, though the collection of 1173 illustrations will alone make them a valuable book of reference.

A BOOK ON CRIMINAL LAW.

"The Criminal Law of India." By John D. Mayne. Madras: Higginbotham. London: Clowes.

MR. MAYNE'S "Commentary on the Indian Penal Code" has long been a standard authority. His "Criminal Law" is a more ambitious work, its object, as the preface tells us, being to give a methodised view of the whole Criminal Law at present administered in India. The author's wide knowledge both of Indian and of English law is handled with much skill, and his book cannot fail to be of great service to judges and advocates, especially in the smaller courts, which are cut off from all access to extensive legal libraries.

The administration of the criminal law in India in the early part of this century was chaotic. In the three Presidency towns the courts enforced English law, with some few statutory modifications. In the Mufassal, crimes were defined and punished partly by the laws introduced by the Mohammedan conquerors and partly by those established by the Anglo-Indian regulations, which were drawn up by three different legislations, and consequently embodied provisions often widely divergent. The result was extraordinary confusion and many debates in Parliament. In one of these Mr. T. B. Macaulay laid down the principle on which a code should be based. "Our principle," he declared, "is simply this—uniformity, when you can have it; diversity, when you must have it; but, in all cases, certainty!" A Commission was sent out to India in 1834, and, though its mission extended to codification generally, the necessity of a criminal code was its first consideration. The

Indian Penal Code, as drafted by Macaulay, and subsequently amended by another Commission in England, after slumbering for some years in official pigeon-holes, was finally passed into law in 1860. A jurist like Professor Holland may call it "unscientific," but, however one may cavil at its defective arrangement, or its occasional vagueness of definition—notably in the case of "culpable homicide"—the fact remains that the unanimous opinion of those who administer it coincides with the emphatic declaration of Sir James Stephen that the code is "triumphantly successful." It presents a definite body of law to the young and untrained magistrate, who would otherwise be at the mercy of the bewildering rhetoric of native pleaders. Moreover, if it has not stamped out, it has at least abated crimes peculiar to India, such as thuggee, human sacrifices, the exposing of infants, and the burning of widows. Nor must its educational influence be overlooked. Translated into almost all the languages of India, it has familiarised the native mind with ideas of justice and humanity, the maintenance of public order and public morality, and with the rights of the individual to life, health and freedom.

Founded in the main, as the code is, upon English criminal law, it is interesting to note some of the changes necessitated by local considerations. A wide latitude, for example, is given to self-defence, due, as the Commissioners reported, to the long-suffering nature of the majority of Indian peoples. Offences against religious feeling, which are the principal cause of tumults and riots, are punished with exemplary severity. Breach of contract is in some cases made a crime. If a palanquin-bearer agrees to carry a passenger from A to B, and runs away in the middle of the stage, he is liable to a month's imprisonment. There are other changes, too, not assignable to local considerations, but regarded by the Commissioners as genuine reforms. Thus, the difference between libel and slander is abolished, and both are treated equally under the head of Defamation.

It was Bentham who invented the word "codification," and was the great upholder of the principle. In his day English law was a mass of confusing technicalities and precedents—"a wilderness of single instances"—from which only the trained lawyer, and he with difficulty, could extract anything approaching a legal precept. Bentham desired simplicity and precision, in order that—to adopt his own somewhat pedantic phraseology—the father of a family might be able to teach the law to his children and give to the doctrines of private morality the force and dignity of public morals. But codification, in the strict sense, has made little progress in England since Bentham wrote, perhaps because the fathers of families declined to rise to Bentham's inhuman and academic ideal. Lord Westbury, indeed, meditated a general digest of English law, and in 1867 a Royal Commission presented a report on the subject, which suffered the fate of so many other reports. Sir James Stephen endeavoured a few years later to adapt Indian models to English uses; but his Code of Criminal Law and Procedure, though brought before Parliament and referred to Commissions and Grand Committees, has never reached the dignity of a statute, and still remains only a contribution, of surpassing value indeed, to legal literature.

The general plan of the Indian Code affords a good model for imitation. First, it defines the offence, and then, wherever necessary, it gives a further explanation, or explanations, and illustrations. To make the meaning of the text still clearer, Mr. Mayne adds a running commentary, consisting chiefly of illustrative cases, and where he thinks that any difficulty requires further elucidation a reference is given to Part II. of the book. It is in this second part that the chief interest of the work to English students of comparative legislation lies. Mr. Mayne institutes numerous comparisons between Indian and English Criminal Law, and, though this practice has been more than once impugned by the Judicial Committee, the author, as we think justly, defends it by pointing out that where any question of law is not covered by Indian authority, it will be decided by reference to English text-books and decisions. Intricate cases are discussed in all their bearings, and the principles embodied in them clearly set forth, nor does the author hesitate on occasion to give his reasons for dif-

fering from High Court judgments. As nothing, with the exception of purely statutory offences, is a crime which has not previously been a wrong, Mr. Mayne enlarges upon the relations between Civil and Criminal law, a course which his wide knowledge of both justifies him in adopting. His object, in short, is to leave nothing untouched which may be of service to those who have to administer the code, and he is to be congratulated on its thoroughly successful achievement.

A NEW VOLUME OF VERSE.

"Shadows and Fireflies." By Louis Barsac. London: The Unicorn Press.

THIS (as the "Edinburgh" remarked on a historic occasion) will never do. Mr. Barsac has set himself to sing of the old themes—love, and the beauties of nature, and the mystery of sorrow and the rest, but his voice is feeble, and he does not know the tune. His muse, we regret to say, suffers from flatulence, and cannot help him much. This, for instance, is his idea of a comet:

"A flickering tremulous ghost of space,
Trailing,
Grandly trailing
Tenuous clouds of shimmering lace,
I glide,
The heavens veiling."

This represents Mr. Barsac's most hazardous metrical experiment; here is a specimen of his originality in the matter of epithet:

"I love to feel the wool-clad feet
Creep past me of the drowsy hours."

The hours in bed-room slippers! Imagination surely can no further go. But Mr. Barsac can better even that, for elsewhere he informs us that the waves are addicted to playing poker. At least, that is the only meaning we can attach to the third line of the following verse:

"This earth of ours is belted with a Sunless Sea,
Whose far-off margin laves a clouded land,
Where muffled billows bluff the strand,
And crumble noiselessly."

We permit ourselves one more quotation, illustrative this time of the courage with which Mr. Barsac handles the graver problems of life. The poem consists of a single stanza, and is called "Did He know?"

"Did He know when He made the world
(He of the lightning eyes)
How seas of tears and tides of blood,
A drear unfathomable flood,
Should soon engulf the scented meads
In noisome slime and fetid weeds.

Did He know?

Or is it all a great surprise?"

It would appear from the dedication of the volume that Mr. Barsac's best poems are due to his wife's influence. Wherefore, thinking on what might have been, we are unfeignedly glad that Mr. Barsac is married.

THE BOOKS OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

"The Books of William Morris, described with some Account of his Doings in Literature and in the Allied Crafts." By H. Buxton Forman, C.B. London: Hollings.

TO students in bibliography Mr. Buxton Forman's volume will be the more welcome in that it comes with completeness and accuracy to cover the omissions of a work on the same lines to which those qualities hardly belonged. An enthusiasm more personal than bibliographical has caused Mr. Forman to be a life-long collector of Morris's writings, and, indeed, of any records that touched upon his many-sided activities. Thus the present work is something more than a bibliographical study, and while it resigns nothing of the accuracy and detailed investigation required by students, and only reasonably to be expected from its title, it is pleasantly touched with many signs of hero-worship, and amounts very often to a well-reasoned criticism of Morris's work. Many facsimiles of title-pages have been added to the book, and as not a few of these are Morris's own beautiful and elaborate designs, the volume has the charm of being appropriately illustrated. The most minute differences in various editions are recorded, and if studious posterity should find any flaws or omissions they will be so small as to be easily noted by hand in the ample margins of the volume.

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particular kind of combination seen on any stage before. What secret influences have built up this machine I know not; it is a subject to be commended to any inquirer into comparative philosophy. But in "Lohengrin" it was there, clamouring for consideration and criticism with terrible insistence. Madame Eames's Elsa was exceedingly attractive. She has given enormous pains to her acting (as apart from her singing) work; but she betrays that study and labour by many indications of methodical conscientiousness. If, for example, she has thought out an action entirely appropriate and right in the dramatic circumstances, she occasionally by her deliberateness shows you the whole process which has led her to such a conclusion; and inasmuch as this deliberation destroys spontaneity there is so much lost on each betrayal of her preparation. The fault is, of course, on the right side. I am convinced that practice and familiarity will correct it entirely. She reminds me of a young writer with a high ideal of style moving somewhat stiffly through fields of chosen words to whom literary ease has not yet come. She sang, however, all her lovely music extremely well. The "Lohengrin" was Van Dyck, and frankly I did not care a rap about his performance. His singing at first was quite deplorable, although he improved enormously in the last two Acts; still, he has a coherent sense of the character, and though it is probably nobody else's coherent sense of the character it is something to have studied the part of Lohengrin carefully and thoughtfully, a feat which Mr. Van Dyck has obviously accomplished.

The "Roméo et Juliette" performance of Tuesday brought us two new singers, Miss Suzanne Adams and Mr. Saleza, both, I understand, from Nice. Miss Adams is certainly an artist who does great credit to the judgment of the Covent Garden management. In appearance she is the ideal Juliet; and her voice is fresh, tender and liquid. I dislike exceedingly the famous waltz from the first Act of "Roméo," but Miss Adams's singing of it was a masterpiece in miniature of pure vocal exercise. She acted with a natural feeling; and she has such significant eyebrows that by a judicious employment of them she was able to indicate even a sense of tragedy and terror. Would that there were a living Pope to celebrate their charms and to sing the lay of their possible—but, I trust, impossible—destruction. Mr. Saleza—though I was not sure of his complete sincerity in the part of Roméo: he seemed to me to doubt if Gounod were worthy of his abandoned attention—sang finely and well. The right thing to say on such occasions is that he made a very favourable impression.

Wednesday brought its surprise in the shape of one of the finest performances of "Die Walküre" that it has ever been my good fortune to hear. Mr. Zumpe conducted and his work was altogether admirable, not in any conventional way, but subtly, delicately, quietly. He seemed to me to have discovered that it is just as profitable to take Wagner restrainedly as to tear him to pieces and hurl him at every nerve in your body. The result was that he gave us an extraordinary lesson in Wagner's accentuation as distinguished from his emphasis, revealing beauties new and strange which are too often denied us. The first Act in this respect was particularly fine, even if at times there was just a tendency towards underplaying. Mr. Zumpe himself seemed the quietest of men; he made no sign of ruling the storm and riding the whirlwind in the right Mottl manner; but he made his effects all the same, and the result was triumphant. The brass, instead of rending to tatters all the remnants of your brain, literally sang, proving its beauty no less than its bigness; and the continuity and coherence of the playing on all sides were marvellously impressive. This for the orchestra, of whom—though it is much to say—the singers were worthy. Miss Brema's Brünnhilde was impeccable; she showed an intense spontaneity combined with the greatest thoughtfulness, and she sang very beautifully and dramatically. Mr. Van Rooy quite properly justified his reputation; save for an occasional exaggeration, a straining of the note just beyond its true pitch, he was as fine a Wotan as one would wish to see. Mr. Costa's Siegmund was excellent, and Frau Cziwk's Sieglinde, though wanting in power and somewhat operatic in the un-Wagnerian sense of the term, was

agreeable and within limits adequate. The staging was better than any I have before seen at Covent Garden.

I am asked to state that Mr. Dolmetsch's programme of his concert to be given at 7 Bailey Street, on 18 May, includes "A Gentill Jhesu," by Sheringham (c. 1500), a Medley for the Virginals, by William Byrd (c. 1600), Purcell's "'Tis Wine was made to rule the Day," and five Bach selections, to be played, of course, on the instruments for which they were composed—a charming selection which I trust will meet with wide public approval.

V B.

G. B. S. VIVISECTED.

EUREKA! I have found it out at last. I now understand the British drama and the British actor. It has come about in this way.

A few weeks ago one of my feet, which had borne me without complaining for forty years, struck work. The spectacle of a dramatic critic hopping about the metropolis might have softened a heart of stone; but the managers, I regret to say, seized the opportunity to disable me by crowding a succession of first nights on me. After "The Medicine Man" at the Lyceum, the foot got into such a condition that it literally had to be looked into. I had no curiosity in the matter myself; but the administration of an anæsthetic made my views of no importance. It is to the anæsthetic that I owe the discovery which elicits my cry of Eureka!

The beginning of the anæsthesia threw no new light on the theatre. I was extinguished by the gas familiar to dentists' patients, and subsequently kept in a state of annihilation with ether. My last recollection is a sort of chuckle at being wideawake enough to know when the operator lifted my eyelid and tapped my eyeball to convince himself that he had made an end of me. It was not until I was allowed to recover that the process became publicly interesting. For then a very strange thing happened. *My character did not come back all at once.* Its artistic and sentimental side came first: its morality, its positive elements, its commonsense, its incorrigible Protestant respectability, did not return for a long time after. For the first time in my life I tasted the bliss of having no morals to restrain me from lying, and no sense of reality to restrain me from romancing. I overflowed with what people call "heart." I acted and lied in the most touchingly sympathetic fashion; I felt prepared to receive unlimited kindness from everybody with the deepest, tenderest gratitude; and I was totally incapable of even conceiving the notion of rendering anyone a service myself. If only I could have stood up and talked distinctly as a man in perfect health and self-possession, I should have won the hearts of everybody present until they found me out later on. Even as it was, I was perfectly conscious of the value of my prostrate and half-delirious condition as a bait for sympathy; and I deliberately played for it in a manner which now makes me blush. I carefully composed effective little ravings, and repeated them, and then started again and let my voice die away, without an atom of shame. I called everybody by their Christian names, except one gentleman whose Christian name I did not know, and I called him "dear old So-and-so." Artistically, I was an immense success: morally, I simply had no existence.

At last they quietly extinguished the lights, and stole out of the chamber of the sweet invalid who was now sleeping like a child, but who, noticing that the last person to leave the room was a lady, softly breathed that lady's name in his dreams. Then the effect of the anæsthetic passed away more and more; and in less than an hour I was an honest taxpayer again, with my heart perfectly well in hand. And now comes the great question, Was that a gain or a loss? The problem comes home to me with special force at this moment, because I have just seriously distracted public attention from the American war by publishing my plays; and I have been overwhelmed as usual by complaints of my want of heart, my unnaturally clear intellectual consciousness, my cynicism, and all the rest of it. One of my female characters, who drinks whisky, and smokes cigars, and reads detective stories, and regards the fine arts, especially music, as an insufferable and un-

intelligible waste of time, has been declared by my friend Mr. William Archer to be an exact and authentic portrait of myself, on no other grounds in the world except that she is a woman of business and not a creature of romantic impulse. In this "nation of shopkeepers," the critics no sooner meet a character on the stage with the smallest trace of business sagacity, or an author who makes the least allowance for the provident love of money and property as a guarantee of security, comfort and independence, which is so powerful a factor in English society, than they immediately declare such a character totally inhuman and unnatural, and such an author a cynical crank. If I am the unfortunate author, they dispose of the character at once as a mere dramatisation of my own personal eccentricities.

This, regarded as one of the humours of natural self-unconsciousness, is so farcically paradoxical and preposterous that I have always felt it to be too coarse for the exquisite high comedy of real life. And I have been right. The protests come only from what we call the artistic class, by which contemptuous expression (for such it is in England) we mean the men and women who love books and pictures, histories and operas, and shrink from business and public affairs so persistently that in the end their consciousness becomes absolutely fictitious, in which condition reality seems unreal to them, and the most commonplace characteristics of English life, when dramatised, produce on them the effect of a mere bizarrerie. When this effect is strong enough to give a serious jar to their artistic habits, they generally mistake the disagreeable sensation for a shock to their moral sense, it being one of their artistic conventions that it is possible to shirk real life, and yet possess moral sense.

Often as I have had to point this out, I had, until yesterday, yet to realise fully the difference between observing it in other people and experiencing it oneself. At last I can speak of it at first hand; and now I understand it as I never understood it before. No longer shall I look at my sentimental, fiction-loving friends as Bismarck might look at a rather engaging South Sea chief; for I have actually changed personalities with them. What is more, I know how to reproduce the miracle at will as certainly as if I possessed the wishing-cap of Siegfried. My wishing-cap is a bag of ether. With that, I can first plunge into the darkness that existed before my birth and be simply nothing. Then I can come to life as an artist and a man of feeling—as everything that I have been reproached so bitterly for not being. I can prolong that condition indefinitely by taking a whiff or two of ether whenever I feel the chill of a moral or intellectual impulse. I can write plays in it; I can act in it; I can gush in it; I can borrow money to set myself up as an actor-manager in it; I can be pious and patriotic in it; I can melt touchingly over disease and death and murder and hunger and cold and poverty in it, turning all the woes of the world into artistic capital for myself; and finally I can come back to full consciousness and criticise myself as I was in it. The parable of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde will be fulfilled in me, with this difference, that it is Hyde who will be popular and petted, and Jekyll who will be rebuked for his callous, heartless cynicism. I have already ordered a set of cards inscribed "G. B. S....At Home...Tuesdays and Fridays under ether for sentimental, theatrical and artistic purposes...Mondays and Saturdays normal for business engagements and public affairs."

Here I must summarily break off. My doctor's investigation of my interior has disclosed the fact that for many years I have been converting the entire stock of energy extractable from my food (which I regret to say he disparages) into pure genius. Expecting to find bone and tissue, he has been almost wholly disappointed, and a pale, volatile moisture has hardly blurred the scalpel in the course of its excursions through my veins. He has therefore put it bluntly to me that I am already almost an angel, and that it rests with myself to complete the process summarily by writing any more articles before I have recovered from the effects of the operation and been renovated in the matter of bone and muscle. I have therefore pledged myself to send only the briefest line explaining why my article cannot appear this week. It is also essential,

in order to keep up the sympathy which rages at my bedside, to make the very worst of my exhausted condition. Sad to say, there is enough of the ether clinging round me still to keep me doing this with a very perceptible zest.

I can no more.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE week has again been cheerful on the Stock Exchange. The confirmation of the Manila victory, and the ease with which a not very powerful American fleet vanquished the feeble Spanish defence, heroic as it was, has given rise to a general impression that the war must soon come to an end. The false intelligence that the Cape Verde fleet had returned to Cadiz gave additional strength to this view, for it seemed to imply that Spain had almost abandoned all hope of making any effective reply to the American operations. Although it now appears that the fleet has only returned to the Canaries, its continued inactivity, combined with the internal disorders in Spain, still lends colour to the belief that in a very short time the war will be at an end. The disturbances in Italy have had a somewhat disquieting effect, but even this has been counteracted by the suggestion that they may lead the European Powers to use their influence towards terminating the war, which is partly responsible for dear bread, though it is the young Chicago millionaire who must bear most of the blame for having largely increased the misery of the poorer peoples of the world.

The 5 per cent. Bank Rate which was freely anticipated not very long ago is farther away than ever. On Thursday the Bank made no change in the rate, which therefore remains at 4 per cent., and the position revealed by the usual weekly statement, though not quite so strong as last week, is still satisfactory. The reserve has been increased by £1,143,030, and now stands at £23,812,767, as compared with, £18,350,947 at the beginning of April. It is, in fact, now higher than it has been at any time during the past 3½ months, with the exception of the second and third weeks in February. The Market has, however, borrowed some three millions from the Bank, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities has fallen 1¼ to 43·27 per cent. The Money Market is consequently firm, and the outside discount rate on Thursday was as much as 3 to 3½ per cent. for day to day loans, and 3½ per cent. for 3 and 4 months' fine bills. Lombard Street is not quite at its ease and will not be until the influence of the Chinese and Greek loans is dissipated, and the renewed demands for gold from New York cease.

Spanish Four per Cents have had quite an encouraging spurt upwards. Last week they stood at 30, but on Wednesday they had risen to 35, although the following day they fell back a point. In spite of the troubles throughout Spain it is felt that the present dynasty may still survive the war, since neither the Carlists nor the Republicans seem strong enough to overturn it, and no possible military dictator has yet appeared. The Spanish Government seems, moreover, to have obtained funds, and it is expected that the next coupon at least will be paid, whilst the anticipation of a speedy termination to the war has also exercised a favourable influence. If the result of the war is that Spain loses both Cuba and the Philippines, the effect upon Spanish finances cannot fail to be beneficial, for once the immense drain upon her resources due to her colonies in revolt is stopped, Spain can easily discharge all her obligations. The war may therefore in the end prove a blessing in disguise to the impoverished Spaniards, for though official speculation no doubt goes on at home, it cannot compare in extent with the achievements of Spanish officers and administrators who go to the Colonies to make their fortunes. In any case it seems probable that Spanish bonds have seen the worst, and a daring speculator who invested largely in them at the present price might come out in the end with a handsome profit.

Home Railways presented a much more cheerful aspect to holders at the carry-over on Tuesday, the making-up prices in every case showing an advance on

the previous settlement. London and South Westerns showed the biggest rise, carrying over 5 points higher than at the end of April. Metropolitan rose 4 points, Caledonians and South Western Deferred 3, and Chatham Second Preference, Great Central Preferred, and South Eastern Preferred 2. In spite of preoccupation with the details of the settlement, which has passed over satisfactorily all round, the improvement has been maintained, owing to the satisfactory traffic increases of the week. The North Eastern shows the biggest gain of £6406; the Midland shows an increase of £4000, the Great Central of £3478, the Great Northern of £3024, and the North Western of £2481. Owing to the coal strike in South Wales, the Great Western has suffered a decrease of £12,290, but the strength of the Home Railway Market is shown by the fact that in spite of the strike, Great Western stock rose $\frac{1}{4}$ on the Account, and has since risen another $\frac{1}{4}$. Below we give our usual table of the yield of English railway stocks at their present price on the basis of last year's dividends.

YIELD OF ENGLISH RAILWAY STOCKS.

Company.	Dividend 1897.	Price 12 May	Yield p. c.
Great Northern "A"	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	52	4 6 6
Great Northern Deferred ...	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 2 2
Brighton Deferred	7	177	3 19 1
Midland Deferred	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 17 4
Caledonian Deferred	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 14 4
North Eastern	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	174 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 12 11
North Western	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	198	3 11 11
Great Western	6	170 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 10 5
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 9 11
Brighton Ordinary	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	186	3 9 10
South Eastern Deferred ...	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	111 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 9 7
Great Northern Preferred ...	4	119 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 6 11
Caledonian Ordinary	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	155	3 6 1
South Eastern Ordinary ...	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	150	3 5 10
South Western Deferred ...	3	93	3 4 6
South Western Ordinary ...	7	225 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 2 1
Midland Preferred	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 18 11
Great Eastern	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	119 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 18 4
Metropolitan	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	134	2 15 11
Great Central Preferred ...	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	66	2 5 5

Thanks to the Manila victory and the supineness of the Spaniards, American Rails boomed modestly during the past account, and are still tending upwards in anticipation of further American victories. Milwaukee had the biggest rise of 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ from 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 98, and they have since risen another point to 99. This big rise displaces the stock from its place at the top of our list of American Railways in point of yield. New York Central rose 8 points during the Account, Louisvilles 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, Northern Pacific Preference 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, Illinois Central 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Denver Preference 6. The improvement has continued in most cases, and it is a curious fact, which has not hitherto been noted, that American Railway Stocks are at present, although a state of war exists, at almost the same level as at the end of January last, when they touched the highest points of the present year. At that time Spanish Fours stood at 61 $\frac{1}{2}$, and there was no anticipation of acute trouble between Spain and the United States. The following table is a curious commentary on the scare which resulted from the "Maine" explosion and the anticipation of war, and it is evident either that the stocks were previously much undervalued or that the cessation of the war can scarcely send them much higher.

COMPARISON OF PRICES OF AMERICAN RAILWAY STOCKS BEFORE THE WAR SCARE AND NOW.

Railway.	Price 28 January.	Price 12 May.	Differ- ence.
Atchison and Topeka	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Central Pacific	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	—1
Chicago and Milwaukee	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	99	— $\frac{1}{2}$
Denver	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	—1
Illinois Central	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	107 $\frac{1}{2}$	—2
Louisville	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	—2
New York Central	112 $\frac{1}{2}$	119 $\frac{1}{2}$	+7
North Pacific Preference ...	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Pennsylvania	60	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	— $\frac{1}{2}$
Wabash Preference	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	+1

NET YIELD OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends paid 1897.	Price 12 May	Yield per cent.
Illinois Central	5	107 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 13 2
Pennsylvania (\$50)	5	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 13 1
Atchison Adjustment	3	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 11 3
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. P. ..	5	99	4 9 0
Denver Preference	2	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 2 5
New York Central	4	119 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 7 1
Southern Preference	1	31	3 4 6

The Industrial Market has been very dull for some time past, but there are signs that it is about to wake up again in view of the general cheerfulness. There is no doubt that, exercising due care in the selection of shares, the investor can get a bigger return for his money, combined with a reasonable certainty for the future, in this market than in any other, except the South African Mining Market. The list of industrial companies we publish each week, showing the amount they yield to the investor at the present prices of the shares, is sufficient evidence of this. We have already dealt with the three companies which stand highest on our list, and have given our reasons for believing them to be satisfactory investments. During the week there has been some movement in the shares of D. H. Evans & Co., another undertaking which is worthy of attention. At the present price and on the dividend of last year they yield over 5 per cent. to the investor, and since the Company is doing well, and has recently effected considerable economies in its management expenses, it is more than possible that during the present year it will increase its dividend. The gross profits of last year's trading were £10,000 in excess of those of the previous year, and if the whole of the profits had been divided an extra 2 per cent. could have been paid. The rent and establishment charges of the business are now practically fixed, so that all increased profits will go to the payment of dividends. The leases extend to the considerable period of forty-one years, and in view of the excellent management of the Company, its shares can be recommended as a sound and profitable industrial investment.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 12 May.	Yield per cent.
Paquin	10	1 $\frac{15}{16}$	10 13 4
Bovril Deferred	5	8	8 0 0
Do. Ordinary	7	1 $\frac{15}{16}$	7 9 4
Mazawattee Tea	8	1 $\frac{15}{16}$	5 16 4
Linotype Deferred (£5) ..	9	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 16 1
Eley Brothers (£10) ..	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	37	5 14 7
National Telephone (£5) ..	6	5 $\frac{15}{16}$	5 6 8
Holborn & Frascati	10 ⁽¹⁾	1 $\frac{15}{16}$	5 6 8
Linotype Ordinary (£5) ..	6	5 $\frac{15}{16}$	5 5 5
D. H. Evans & Co.	12	2 $\frac{15}{16}$	5 3 9
Savoy Hotel (£10)	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	4 13 9
Jay's	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{15}{16}$	4 12 3
Spiers & Pond (£10)	10	22	4 10 10
Harrod's Stores	20	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 8 10
Swan & Edgar	5	1 $\frac{15}{16}$	4 8 10
Bryant & May (£5) ..	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 8 6
Jones & Higgins	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 2 2
J. & P. Coats (£10) ..	20	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 6 1

(1) Including bonus of 2 per cent.

At the Welsbach Exhibition in the Niagara Hall there was exhibited an important development of the Welsbach system, which will shortly be placed before the public. This is called the Hydro-Incandescent Gas Light, and it is with some justice described as "the most brilliant light of the age." The ordinary Welsbach burner uses gas at the ordinary pressure of the mains, but in the Hydro-Incandescent Light, by means of an ingenious device, gas is supplied under much greater pressure, and by this means a light of extraordinary intensity is obtained. With the same consumption of gas as the ordinary Welsbach burner a light of 600 candle-power is produced, and with the Welsbach new burner of from 1200 to 15,000 candle-power. The light thus obtained has the advantage over the electric arc light that instead of the source of light being a mere point it is of considerable area, so that whilst it vies

with the arc light in brilliance and intensity it does not cast the sharp shadows which have always been one of the defects of electric lights of very high power. It is not surprising that the new light is receiving the attention not only of Trinity House, but of municipalities all over the kingdom. If it can be established in general use our streets will be lit as they have never been lit before, and the electric light will find itself confronted by a powerful rival.

The pace has slackened in the South African market, and President Kruger's speech on the occasion of his taking the oath is anxiously awaited. Nevertheless, the tone of the market is good, and although Rand Mines have fallen back slightly from the highest point recently touched, very slight encouragement will send them on their upward course towards the price which those who are acquainted with the position and prospects of the Company believe to be their true value. The three questions which influence the Kaffir market at the present time concern the water supply, the supply of native labour, and the Bewaarplaatsen. The first President Kruger cannot control, but it is a very serious one. The mines belonging to the Rand Mines group can afford to disregard it, since the parent company has carefully provided them with an ample supply from its large waterworks, and arrangements have also been made to provide the newly started Robinson Deep with water also. Even at the worst, in these mines by closer sorting of the ore and working better stopes the average yield can be maintained. In other mines, however, unless rain falls on the Rand, the result will be serious towards the end of the present year, and a number of them will have to shut down a portion if not the whole of their mills. Happily a special cablegram to the "Standard and Diggers' News" announces that half an inch of rain has fallen in Johannesburg, and this should be of some benefit to the industry.

In well-informed quarters it is still hoped that the Transvaal's pressing need for money will be the means of obtaining the long-looked-for concessions to the mining industry. The suggestion of the "Volksstem" that the necessary money should be raised by appropriating the Bewaarplaatsen which already belong to the mining companies, and selling the mining rights to the highest bidder, is one that even the Transvaal Executive would hesitate to adopt, and there is little doubt that it was made merely to see how the mining community would take it. European opinion, both German and French, as well as English, is so completely disgusted with the procedure of the Transvaal Government that such a step as this would provoke effective remonstrance from Berlin and Paris. Reforms must come very soon, and values in the South African Market will be restored, for there is little doubt that the lack of public buying is due to the widespread belief that without reforms there is nothing much "to go for" in South Africans, mistaken as that belief really is. One reform, as we have already pointed out, President Kruger must for the sake of his own policy get realised at once. All the mines are seriously hampered by the lack of a proper supply of native labour. The short supply is largely caused by the illicit liquor traffic, for a large proportion of the boys are chronically drunk, and this is due not to an imperfect liquor law, but to the maladministration of the law that already exists. Unless it is properly administered the mines will be compelled to resort more largely to the use of machine drills, and this will necessarily lead to a large increase in the Outlander population, the one result which President Kruger is most anxious to avoid.

The Mozambique Company still continues making the steady progress to which we have already drawn attention. The Oceana Consolidated Company announces that the receipts of the Company for December, 1897, amounted to £21,250. This is an increase of £12,708 over the corresponding month of 1896, and makes a total income for the year of more than £150,000, nearly double the amount of the Company's revenue in 1896, and three times the revenue of 1895. The expenditure for December, 1897, was £15,858, in addition

to which £20,815 was expended on public works. If the outlay on public works and extraordinary expenditure is deducted, the excess of receipts over administrative expenditure may be estimated at about £50,000 for the year ended 31 December last. This would be sufficient to pay a dividend of nearly 10 per cent. on the issued capital of the Company. In pursuance of a wise policy, however, the Mozambique Company spends its surplus revenue on valuable and productive public works, and it is by this means that it has achieved its present strong position. It has a cash balance of over £100,000 and no debt, and its revenue is increasing by leaps and bounds. Before very long it will certainly achieve results which will be all the more astonishing because they have been so quietly obtained. The Oceana Consolidated Company, an English undertaking, holds a large interest in the Mozambique Company, which is Portuguese. There are, however, Committees in London and Paris, composed of French and English directors, which exercise a controlling influence in the administration of the Company.

Westralians have recovered slightly from the severe attack of depression which seized upon them whilst they were under the control of Mr. Bottomley, but they are not yet very brisk. The petition for the winding up of the West Australian Market Trust has been postponed for the purpose of allowing the shareholders to pay up in order to pay the debts it has incurred under Mr. Bottomley's guidance. What we should like to learn, however, is the means it is proposed to adopt by the shareholders to curb Mr. Bottomley's activity in the future. He has himself admitted that he "required a little more check upon him" than has been exercised in the past. We should have thought his co-directors were the proper persons to do this; but since, again on his confession, Mr. Bottomley was accustomed to dispense with their collaboration, we do not see how an efficient check can be devised. Sir William Crookes and his fellows on the Board of the Market Trust must be of a singularly confiding disposition, and perhaps, since the shareholders seem determined to hand their favourite another quarter of a million to play with, the better plan would be to replace them by a body of gentlemen less amenable to that "peculiar force" Mr. Bottomley boasts of possessing. It is a strange, eventful history, this of the Market Trust. Incorporated little more than a year ago, it started with a capital of £2,500,000, of which £1,000,000 was issued and £500,000 subscribed in cash. The other half-million shares were handed to the Joint Stock Institute, we suppose, that is, to Mr. Bottomley, in exchange for half a million shares in various Westralian companies. Last December Mr. Bottomley told the shareholders that the Market Trust had already "realised profits to the extent of £300,000." That makes £800,000 in cash. Then he told the shareholders last month that he had also put £150,000 of his own into the Company's purse, and now there is wanted another £100,000 to pay the debts of the Trust. In five months, therefore, under Mr. Bottomley's management, over £1,000,000 has vanished utterly. Where has it gone to? No one can tell, but we can all admire Mr. Bottomley's marvellous skill as a financier.

We referred last week to the excellent prospects of the various Westralian timber enterprises, and as if to give point to our remarks, Millar's Karri and Jarrah Forests, Limited, has just issued its first annual report. This Company, which was formed last May with a capital of £350,000, has made a total profit on the year's trading of £70,000. Out of this sum £22,000 has been set aside to property reserve and depreciation suspense account, and £1000 to an employees' bonus fund. The Preference shares receive their dividend of 6 per cent., and after paying a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, a balance is carried forward of nearly £12,000. It is evident, therefore, that if the directors had cared to make a great display, instead of pursuing a cautious policy, they could easily have paid a dividend of 25 or 30 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and with the new works that are to be started, and the growth of the business, it is not unlikely that next year they will be able to reach these figures without de-

parting from their cautious policy. When the Company was started, the estimated profits were 22s. per load; in actual working the realised profits amount to just under 23s. per load. The present price of Millar's Karri and Jarrah Ordinary shares is 3½, ex rights to the issue of 50,000 reserve shares at £2 to the shareholders, and of the Preference shares 1½.

NEW ISSUES.

A NEW JARRAH WOOD COMPANY.

The new Westralian timber enterprise, the Gill McDowell Jarrah Company, which, as we stated last week, will shortly be placed before the public, takes over a property close to that of Millar's Karri and Jarrah Company referred to above, and must be ranked with this as one of the best of the Jarrah wood companies. The capital of the Gill McDowell Company will, however, be only £250,000, or £100,000 less than that of the Millar's Karri and Jarrah Company, whilst the total area of forest it acquires is 42,000 acres more. Moreover, the Gill McDowell Company's property will consist entirely of Jarrah wood, which, by its power of resisting the attacks of white ants, is superior to Karri for use as railway sleepers and similar purposes. The purchase price of the Millar properties was £250,000, exclusive of stock and cash. For the Gill McDowell properties £200,000 is to be paid, inclusive of all stock and assets, and of profits since 1 October, 1897, which, to 31 December exceeded £5000. In its first year's working the Gill McDowell Company should at least equal the results of the Millar's Karri and Jarrah Company, and in this case it will be able to pay a first dividend of 30 per cent. whilst pursuing an equally cautious policy. The directorate of the Gill McDowell Company is a very strong one. The Chairman will be Lord Lurgan, formerly Chairman of the Fish Oil Syndicate, and now Chairman of the Fish Oil and Guano Company, whose phenomenal success was one of the wonders of last year's financial history. The original £1 shares of the Fish Oil Syndicate, we may note in passing, are now worth in their equivalent shares about £27 each. In addition to Lord Lurgan, the directorate will include Mr. Henry Ward, the well-known railway and engineering expert, and Chairman of the Works Department of the London County Council; Sir Roger T. Goldsworthy, K.C.M.G., formerly Colonial Secretary for Western Australia; the Hon. G. E. Hill-Trevor; and Mr. Percy Hoar.

THE GREEK LOAN.

The Greek Guaranteed 2½ per cent. Gold Loan of 1898 of £6,800,000 was issued on Tuesday last, £5,004,900 being offered to the public. The price of subscription in London was £100 10s. per cent. The loan is raised in pursuance of a Convention between the Governments of France, Great Britain, Russia and Greece, and is guaranteed by the three first. At the price of issue in London the yield is only £2 9s. 6d. per cent., which is considerably less than that of the Egyptian 3 per cent. Guaranteed Loan at its present price of 107½. Nevertheless investors hastened to subscribe for the issue, and in London it was applied for twice over. In Paris and St. Petersburg, where the subscription was simultaneously opened, the same rush was made to obtain allotments. In St. Petersburg the Russian portion was also subscribed twice over, but in Paris, where the rate of exchange gave a slight advantage to the buyer, the French portion was applied for more than twenty times over.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARRINGTON (Bromley).—Certainly hold your shares. The proposed splitting will probably increase their value.

SHAREHOLDER (Brighton).—Thanks for the correction.

TEILO.—We have heard nothing recently of the Company, but we will make inquiries and let you know the result.

F. B. S. (Halifax).—As the Company is in the hands of the debenture-holders, it is not likely that the ordinary shareholders will get any share of the assets, such as they are. Your best plan will be to inquire as to the respectability of your Edinburgh correspondent and then endeavour to get a committee of investigation appointed.

MOUNT (Bridgewater).—The mine is expected to start crushing this month. The machinery has been on the property for some time, and it is expected that brilliant results will be announced early in June.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONSULAR SCANDAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

British Consulate-General, Florence.

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article, "The Consular Scandal," in the "Saturday Review" of 26 March. The first part I will not discuss beyond saying that I am certain no return was made to the House of Commons to the effect that of our Consular Corps no fewer than 272 Consuls-General and Consuls, not to speak of Vice-Consuls, are foreigners. There are forty-four Consuls-General, seven of whom are Ministers, and of the remainder four are foreigners. There are 135 salaried Consuls, who must be British subjects, and forty unsalaried, some of whom are foreigners.

In the latter part of the article, however, I observe that the writer is as inaccurate as he is misinformed. The salary at Florence is £600 a year (a very inadequate one for the post I am sure the writer would consider if he filled it and had the calls incurred thereby), and not £900, and that of Milan is £300, and not £50, as stated in the article. The Consulate-General comprises a district which reaches from Venice to the island of Elba, and is not limited to the banks of the Arno, as the writer appears to think. I have over eighteen years held consular appointments in two busy seaports, and I have come to the conclusion that there is as much, and if anything less agreeable, work to do in Florence than in those ports. Don't you think it rather a "scandal" that gentlemen who write such articles don't get up their subjects and strive to be correct, as unfortunately the majority of their readers are unaware how unreliable their statements happen to be?

Your obedient servant,

W. PERCY CHAPMAN.

[The figures we gave concerning Florence and Milan were quite correct as regards the time to which they referred, when Sir Dominic Colnaghi was Consul-General at Florence, and Mr. Whitmore Vice-Consul at Milan. The salaries were then, as we stated, £900 and £50 respectively. Major Chapman now points out that since Sir Dominic removed to Boston the salary at Florence has been reduced to £600 and that at Milan increased to £300. We regret the reduction for Major Chapman's sake. We have no doubt that he is at Florence, as he was at Leghorn, an efficient and courteous consul. But the question is not a personal one, and by making such a sweeping reduction in salary, the Foreign Office recognises that the previous arrangement at Florence was indefensible. Our case was, and is, that for many long years after Florence had ceased to possess any consular importance, it was retained as a Consulate-in-Chief with a large salary, while Milan, the real commercial centre of Italy, was "fobbed off" with a Vice-Consul at £50. The change made in 1896 should have been made long before, and even now the absurdity is only partially redressed, for the Consulate-in-Chief, an office which should be at Milan, is still at Florence. Our figures with regard to the number of persons in our Consular service who are not British subjects were derived from Mr. Curzon's statement on the subject in the House of Commons on the previous Tuesday. The detailed figures are:—Consul-Generals, 4; Consuls, 14; Vice-Consuls, 225; Consular Agents, 29; total, 272.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.]

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2, Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

May 9th, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—In the Literary Notes of your last issue you refer to Clowes' Naval Pocket Book, in connexion with Mr. Jane's "All the World's Fighting Ships," as though the former also was published by Messrs. Sampson Low.

We are the publishers of this book, and not Messrs. Sampson Low. Perhaps you will be good enough to make this correction to avoid any misunderstanding on the part of the public.

Thanking you in anticipation, we are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

W. THACKER & Co.

REVIEWS.

RICHARD LEWIS NETTLESHIP.

"Philosophical Lectures and Remains of Richard Lewis Nettleship, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford." Edited with a Biographical Sketch by A. C. Bradley and G. R. Benson. Two vols. London: Macmillan.

FROM the time of Locke Oxford has taken the lead among British Universities in the study of the mind. It is true that she has produced no one thinker so eminent as the Dublin Berkeley or the Edinburgh Hume; but she has always been in the van in mental philosophy, not only in the persons of her local teachers, but as being to a great extent the parent of the Scottish school of Metaphysics, many of whose brightest ornaments have had the training and polishing of Oxford.

Hitherto the fame of Richard Lewis Nettleship has rested mainly on the testimony of his Oxford friends and pupils, plus a very able essay on "The Theory of Education in the Republic of Plato," which appeared in the brilliant collection of essays published under the title of "Hellenica" in 1879. It has been said that this remarkable essay deals less in positive than in negative criticism; and the observation is, no doubt, just. This was Nettleship's method, and he applied it not only to Plato, but to Hobbes, Hume, Spinoza and his friend and teacher Green. He did not seek to popularise the works of great thinkers, but to work his way into those parts of human experience which were most thoroughly and most characteristically realised by them (however imperfectly connected with their main theories), and then to simplify their teaching by pointing out and emphasising such unity as in each could be grasped, and bringing it into connexion with outlying questions. Such was his aim, which imposed upon him far greater efforts than if he had contented himself, like most modern lecturers on mental philosophy, with merely historical or merely exegetical comments, or with vain and mischievous attempts to popularise, which nearly always mean whittling down.

The two volumes now in our hands, in which his already published views are greatly amplified and developed, and which give us for the first time much valuable teaching, and very much more most precious suggestion, cannot fail to secure for him a high place among modern thinkers. We meet again the old Oxford gift of apt illustration, so helpful in Locke, Whately and Newman; and in his minute analysis of the content of thought he is, we would almost dare to say, more Platonic than Plato. For instance, when a pupil made the apparently unquestionable observation that "a stone does not distinguish itself from its environment," we fancy he must have felt like Thrasy-machus in the "Republic," when his teacher showed that not only "environment" and "distinguish" are vague, and may mean half-a-dozen things, but even that "stone" is to some extent ambiguous. But the whole discussion on Individuality (I. pp. 33-38) teems with instruction and suggestive analysis. Indeed, Nettleship pushed the importance of analysis so far that he writes in a letter (there are many deeply interesting letters):—"I get more and more to feel that there is absolutely no difference in principle between what is called physical and what is called spiritual, and that if one can understand a triangle one can understand oneself." He is constantly at the point of view of Tennyson in his "Flow'r in the crannied wall," which we are surprised he does not quote, when he surmises that if we knew *all* about anything we should know everything. We read in the very interesting biographical sketch that on the question whether his lectures were "good for the schools" there was a difference of opinion among his pupils. We should say that decidedly they were not. They were much too good to be "good for the schools." Did not Nettleship himself, though a Hertford and Ireland scholar, fail to achieve a first-class, no doubt because he tendered to lacticorous examiners the strong meat of Green?

We are glad to be assured by Professor Bradley in the biographical sketch that to any one who knew Nettleship the idea that "Langham" in "Robert Elsmere" is a portrait of him is merely ludicrous. At

the same time Professor Bradley regrets that "one or two tricks of speech and manner which could hardly fail to remind Oxford men of him should have been associated with a character so contemptibly unlike his." The religious teaching of these volumes suggests rather the rationalistico-panteistic doctrine of "Grey" (Green) in the same novel, under which the religious convictions of "Robert Elsmere" broke down. In a subtly brilliant essay on Pleasure (I. pp. 11-19) we read, "Interest at its highest power is love, and if we could take interest in all things we should be on the way to love all things and this means to *be in* all things or make all things our own, which is God."

Again, in the essay on the Atonement, he thus explains the doctrine that God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son to save it: "Death is self-surrender; all loss is a kind of death; the only-begotten Son is the summing up of what is dearest, most *one's own*, i.e., God can only be at one with His work, can only make it to be truly *His* work by eternally dying—sacrificing what is dearest to Him. God does not thereby *cease to be*; He does not annihilate *Himself*; He lives eternally in the very process of sacrificing His dearest work. Hence God is said to be love; for love is the consciousness of survival in the act of self-surrender. . . . Such would be the atonement of the world—God eternally living in His own death, eternally losing, and eternally returning to, Himself."

It is obvious that other cardinal doctrines of Christianity, the Resurrection and Immortality, would lend themselves even more easily to this subtle Euhemerism. But the question is, what serious purpose does such an analysis subserve? Is it seriously contended that the religious consciousness of the world is practically uniform, but that in various ages and peoples it clothes itself in various garbs with divers embroideries? If so, are we justified in teaching, as a body of truths, that particular concrete and highly-coloured presentment of an underlying common emotion which goes by the name of Christianity? To take a converse case, what would be thought of a scientific teacher who should tell his pupils that electricity was a giant with many millions of arms, each many thousands of miles long? Would he be taken seriously? He would doubtless be taken as trying to amuse. But if he went on to dwell on the direful consequences of refusing credence to his doctrines, he would probably be thought to be a lunatic. Yet it would certainly seem that Nettleship would have acquiesced in the constant presentment to successive generations of the New Testament doctrine as therein expounded, but would have desired to add, when the student reached years of discretion, a rationalistic explanation such as that which we have given above.

The whole of the second volume, edited by Mr. Benson, as well as a considerable part of the first, edited by Professor Bradley, deals with the interpretation of the philosophy of Plato. This interpretation is of the highest value, and, with other works of the last quarter of the century coming mostly from Oxford but also from Cambridge, redeems England from the charge of neglect of Plato which might well have been brought against her a little more than a generation ago. Even Grote's "Plato," published in 1865, did not show a steady grip of the cardinal distinction between phenomenon and noumenon. The seemingly virtuous man is confounded with the hypocrite. Now the most virtuous man in the world would be "seemingly virtuous" for Plato, because he is virtuous in the phenomenal, not the noumenal, sphere.

We are told in the Preface that a considerable mass of material was prepared from reports of Nettleship's lectures on the History of Logic and Moral Philosophy. We regret that it was decided not to make use of this material. We should have been in a far better position to appreciate his own constructive teaching, if we had his views on, say, Berkeley's "Vision in God" and Mill's "Permanent Possibilities of Sensation." As it is, his lecture on Subject and Object (I. 191-211), though full of instruction and suggestion, leaves us (perhaps through our own want of perspicacity) in doubt as to his own relation to the question. What is "the fact of £100" as distinguished from "the idea of £100?" Is "the fact of £100" an object in the Kantian sense,

or a thing *per se*, or a noumenon, or a "form" in Plato's sense, or a possibility of sensation?

The letters, chiefly to Professor Bradley, reveal a very loveable and admirable personality and an exquisite refinement of taste, and we meet now and then really valuable principles of criticism; for instance (I. 95), on the subject of the relation of art to morality: "By all means go and live like Antony; only remember that you must be ready to die like him; otherwise it is not Shakespeare's Antony that you are imitating. And I should be inclined to point the moral not by saying, 'You see what lust can bring a great man to,' but, 'You see what you must be prepared to face if you are going to make lust a grand thing, a thing to throw away an empire for.' Most people have no conception of the distance of their ordinary life from that which the artist represents. They are often just as bad, though in a different way, as the Philistine who sees in Cleopatra nothing but a common prostitute."

The corollary deduced from this is the immense distance of ordinary comfortable Christianity from what Christ meant, and the reflection that one is not as a rule fit company for the world's truly great men at all.

If asked to give to an intelligent man of the world, quite unversed in technical philosophy, some idea what is the meaning of the study of Metaphysics (loosely and popularly so called), one could not do better than refer him to Nettleship's "Preliminary Thoughts" on Immortality, Pleasure, Spirit. He will then perceive the perhaps insoluble difficulties which beset words like "person" and "substance," and will perhaps be conscious of some feeling of bizarrerie on the next occasion on which he hears those terms coming "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" when the surplined choir of children chants the Athanasian Creed.

A SPECIMEN OF UNIVERSITY EDITING.

"Macaulay's Essays. Two Essays on William Pitt, Earl of Chatham." Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Arthur D. Innes, M.A. Cambridge: University Press.

IT would be interesting to know who is responsible for choosing the editors appointed by our University Presses for the English classics printed by them, and who supervises their work. Here we have an edition of Macaulay's two essays on the elder Pitt, containing notes of which the following are specimens. "Wilkes: John Wilkes, of whom a great deal is to be read in this essay." Macaulay mentions "the author of the Bard," his commentator annotates. "Gray, whose poetical output was singularly small, but was of the finest quality. He was buried at Stoke Pogis, but his Elegy has placed him among the immortals." Burke's "Vindication of Natural Society" was, we are informed, "an intentionally extravagant exposition of Bolingbroke's philosophy" (?). Macaulay observes of Wilkes, "He had written a parody on Pope's 'Essay on Man,' and had appended to it notes in ridicule of Warburton's famous Commentary." This commentary, we are informed, was "a series of seven letters published under the title of 'A Vindication of Mr. Pope's Essay on Man.'" It refers, of course, to the running commentary appended by Warburton to his edition of Pope's poems, as Mr. Innes ought to have known. Warburton "was distinguished," he continues, "for his theological works, and is also remembered for (*sic*) his emendations to (*sic*) Shakespeare." Has the learned editor never heard of a certain work called "The Divine Legation of Moses"? On Saint Simon we have the following note:—"One of the old French noblesse who was closely associated with Orleans. He left behind him a great mass of MS. records of the people and events with whom (*sic*) he had been connected, forming an invaluable repository of information, &c." The tiro for whom this book is intended would almost certainly take Orleans to be the town, and without doubt conclude that Saint Simon's Memoirs were still in MS. Macaulay speaks humorously of the "lues Boswelliana;" in the note this is translated "the Boswellian madness." But bad as this editor's sins of commission are, his sins of omission are still worse. Macaulay not only refers to but gives an account of Brown's famous "Estimate," but in the notes not a word is said about either Brown or his work;

it is so with the reference to "the part of Lothario," with the reference to Jimmy Twitcher. Not a word of explanation is vouchsafed where Macaulay speaks of "the evil spirit whom Ovid describes as looking down on the stately temples and wealthy haven of Athens." The notices given of the politicians and eminent men alluded to by Macaulay are of the most perfunctory kind. Sometimes we are favoured only with the date of their birth, sometimes with that of their death, more generally with neither. Where anything involves the smallest research it is passed over. So we have no note on Shebbeare, though he received a pension with Johnson, no light on the identity of "the very malignant observer" who pronounced Pitt's action to be equal to Garrick's, nor with one exception are any of the quotations traced.

There is something very amusing in an editor of this calibre sitting in judgment on Macaulay, and pronouncing *ex cathedra* that "the range of Macaulay's intellectual vision had become finally fixed when he was little more than a boy," that "the essay on Milton is a brilliant Prize Essay, that on Clive a glorified Prize Essay," that "the view of any particular event or character which commends itself to him is the view likely to commend itself to the average Englishman." Of this sort of thing the so-called critical introduction is full. An edition of an English classic more perfectly worthless for the purpose for which it is intended, the use of schools, we have never inspected.

THE RISE OF DEMOCRACY.

"The Rise of Democracy." By J. Holland Rose, M.A. "Victorian Era" Series. London: Blackie.

MR. ROSE has an unquestionable claim on our gratitude, in that he never once throughout his book speaks of "the democracy." Orators of the street corner seem bent up on bringing on democracy the same etymological fate that has long overtaken the aristocracy. Etymologically, as otherwise, democracy needs saving from her champions. But could not Mr. Rose have spared us "the proletariat" as well? If in Hyde Park or in a Vestry Hall it is imagined that a long name dignifies the masses, surely this monstrous word might at least have been kept out of the pages of a scholar's book. But we fear Mr. Rose is not quite sure of himself in respect of style, as he certainly is not in respect of matter. He does not seem quite to know whether he wants to produce the effect of simplicity or of ornament; just as at times he seems to be aiming at the rôle of a philosophic historian, while for the most part he is the prosaic narrator of a few facts of political history. Mr. Rose had a great subject, which he has treated in a small way. We do not know that we are disposed to quarrel with him on that account. There was room for a simple narrative of the different stages of franchise extension in England; and as such the book is of use. It seems to be free from inaccuracies of fact, and is very moderate in tone. We wonder why this moderation was departed from in a magnifying of J. S. Mill, which at this time of day can hardly be described as other than ludicrous. Sir Robert Peel is also overrated, though the writer is aware all the time of the arch opportunism of the man, whom he describes as "brought by stress of circumstances to abandon nearly all the tenets of his early days." His estimate of Gladstone it would be ungrateful in us to carp at, since it has given us some amusement. "It has been," we learn, "alike Mr. Gladstone's misfortune and his glory ever to move amidst storm-clouds of controversy, and mantled with the dust of conflict. Much as he has doubtless desired to act as the serene Neptune, calming the storms of Parliament, his fate has doomed him to be the Aeolus, not only of Westminster, but of the country at large." We shall not easily forget the "serene Neptune." The whole book reads like the work of a man not long from the schools, who has read his books and passed in "political science," but knows very little of men and women. How entirely he fails to grip the real meaning of democracy, the living force of the movement, may be seen from his summing up Disraeli's achievements in the way of factory legislation, working-class dwellings, and friendly societies, as a *pot-au-feu* policy. Fancy a man in these

days believing that the improvement of the conditions of labour and the provision of decent home accommodation is of less importance to working people than a Franchise Bill. By his social measures Disraeli did much that the working classes hoped the franchise would enable them to get done. This excessive estimate of the value of political machinery is happily quite out of date. All classes have learnt that social and not political reform is the real concern of the nation. You may have a very widely extended franchise with very little democracy, and no improvement in the lot of the poorer people. Under our present "representative" system it is quite possible that a few persons, annoyed at the muzzling order, might, by turning a few "pivotal" constituencies (we apologise for the Americanism), bring about a position of parties at variance with the feeling of the country. Politics are but an element in the winning or losing of elections. At first sight it seems difficult to frame a more absurd proposition than that the government of a country should be entrusted to the crowd without distinction of fitness. In other words, you are to risk the greatest and most difficult of human undertakings in the hands of men untrained, not understanding the task, and mainly indifferent. Applied to any private concern, this would be called midsummer madness. The truth is, that politics involve two quite different considerations, government proper and the improvement of the people's ordinary lot. For the former, the carrying on of the business of the country, especially in its external relations, democracy (as Mr. Rose himself is uncomfortably aware) is simply incompetent. According as the crowd leaves the experts to "run the show" advising only on the selection of the piece, or insists on doing everything for itself, disaster is incurred or escaped. One way out is a mixed government such as ours; another is Cæsarism. The philosophic democrat perceives the difficulty, but excuses popular government as an inevitable, if awkward step in the ascent towards the happy consummation, when all shall be competent to govern or know that they are incompetent, when the question of democracy will resolve itself. This is Plato's ideal; but are we nearer to it than in Plato's day?

A CANDLE-RAY.

"The Genesis of Shakespeare's Art. A Study of his Sonnets and Poems." By Edwin James Dunning. Boston: Lee.

"The author of this study lays no claim to being a Shakespearean scholar, he is only a reverent student of the matchless Bard of Avon. Having had, however, a deep and vital experience with the great poet, and received from him a marvellous light, which, penetrating through his own sightless eyes, has imparted to him an interior vision that has flamed into such joyful inspiration as to make blindness seem a Providential boon, he dares to hope that the candle-ray which he now transmits to others will not be prematurely snuffed out by indifference, much less by contempt." We will say at once that we have no intention of attempting to snuff out this candle-ray; we will merely state what the marvellous light from which that ray is an emanation has revealed. It is this, that in "Venus and Adonis," "A Lover's Complaint," and the Sonnets, Shakespeare planned a comprehensive scheme or system of poetic philosophy; that the history of the Youth figuring in these poems was designed to set forth Nature's method of poetic development and creation in the Beautiful, and that the Sonnets form a continuous narrative of Shakespeare's constantly shifting relations to the Youth who is his personified poetic ideal. When we have added that this theory is worked out, with an enthusiasm which has a touch of genius in it, in a volume containing 336 closely printed octavo pages, we will leave the "candle-ray" to illuminate whom it can.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S MASTERPIECE.

"The Romance of Zion Chapel." By Richard Le Gallienne. London: Lane.

MR. LE GALLIENNE has at last written a masterpiece. No lower word will serve to describe a book which attests a mastery of puerility and dulness with which his worst enemies had scarcely credited him. Some critics have professed to see in the story a likeness to

Bourget's "Le Disciple," but this is surely a needless insult to a novel which, however strained it may be in its psychology, approaches the work of a master of letters. Mr. Le Gallienne's hero is a mere puppet, a vacillating prig, whose culture is not more profound than his creator's, whose passion is but hysteria and whose suicide is only too long deferred.

FICTION.

"Ordeal by Compassion." By Vincent Brown. London: Lane.

THIS is a novel of more than ordinary promise. The story it tells is simple and pitiful enough, being the record of how a weak boy, entrapped into marriage with a vicious woman, kills her in the frenzy into which she had driven him, and is afterwards led up the steep hill of repentance until, purged by the love of another woman, he reaches the highest point of renunciation and atonement. The tale is told with a great deal of sympathy, and the characters are drawn with considerable adroitness. The narrator is, it must be confessed, a rather wearisome old person, who verges not once nor twice upon the maudlin. There is, too, a greater crudity in his characterisation, for though at most times he speaks with elaborate accuracy and ornateness, he twice is guilty of saying "you was," and twice misquotes Browning. But the book is evidently the work of a man who is likely in the not distant future to accomplish something considerable.

"Beatrice Infelix. A Summer Tragedy in Rome." By Dora Greenwell McChesney. London: Lane.

Miss McChesney has, in this unpretending but pleasant little tale, contrived to succeed where many more ambitious novelists have failed. It is so easy to bore the reader with much talk about the artistic wonders and memories of Rome, that Miss McChesney deserves a great deal of credit for having held so even a course between the tedium of the guide-book and sheer sentimentality. There is, to be sure, plenty of talk about art in the book, but it is so deftly inwoven with the texture of the story that it becomes of real significance, and the narrative as a whole, though singularly slight, is remarkably coherent and satisfying. The character of the heroine is in some respects pleasantly original, and though there is nothing new in the loveless marriage into which Beatrice is forced by her scheming mother, the tragedy is set out with so much reticence and simplicity that it may fairly rank as one of the most artistic books the year has yet produced.

"The Girl at Cobhurst." By Frank R. Stockton. London: Cassell.

One has learnt to expect fun of the rollicking sort from Mr. Stockton, and this somewhat sleepy story of the girl at Cobhurst who married the hero and the other girl who tried to marry him does not give us very much fun, rollicking or otherwise. In fact, it is distinctly dull in parts and far too long. The match-making Miss Panney is humorously done, certainly, and the wonderful English cook promises to be very amusing. But they hardly save the whole book. It begins very well, and if there had been a less banal central idea it could hardly have failed to be lively. After all, one soon exhausts the interest of a situation in which the only point of interest is the hero's marriage with a very nice girl or else with one not quite so nice. The whole thing has a flavour of having been written for "The Young Girl's Journal." As a short story, with all Miss Panney's eccentricities and the cook's stateliness condensed, it would have been good reading: there is not enough in the conception to hold one's attention for 408 pages of small print.

In "Entanglements" (Service & Paton) by Francis Prevost, the author of "Rust of Gold" has given us five short stories or "impressions" of stories and and generous amount of lower margin and blank pages. The tales are rather thin and dull.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE internal dissensions in Austria-Hungary at the present time will lend interest to the "History of Austria" which Mr. Sidney Whitman has contributed to the "Story of the Nations" series published by

Mr. Fisher Unwin. Special chapters are devoted to Rudolph of Hapsburg, Maximilian, the Reformation and the Thirty Years' war.

The first volume of Byron's letters, in Mr. Murray's definitive edition, has been published this week. The correspondence now reaches the year 1811, a period coinciding with the dates of the volume of verse recently issued. Some fifty of these epistles have never been made public before; they were mostly written from Harrow and Cambridge.

Another interesting production of Mr. Murray is "A Short History of Russian Naval Power," by Sir G. Sydenham Clarke, who is known as an authority on fortifications and maritime subjects. The book mainly deals with the evolution of the Russian Navy and its influence upon the national life.

The remarkable experiences of Captain Wellby, in his journey from Leh to Peking, are about to be published in volume form by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The distance traversed was several thousands of miles, the greater part of it through a region never before entered by a European, and at an elevation of 16,000 feet. Desertion and sickness reduced the transport to three animals, and the author was compelled to rely upon the assistance of the wandering tribes and native merchants. His adventures include the inspection of a Thibetan monastery, under the guidance of an exalted Buddhist, who had lived through sixteen incarnations. Captain Wellby gives for the first time an authentic account of the Mohammedan rebellion in Kansu, the details of which were overlooked in the greater interest of the Chino-Japanese war.

Next autumn Mr. William Heinemann will issue a book of experiences by Mr. Henry Savage Landor, written during his return to convalescence from the injuries inflicted upon him by the Tibetans. The American publishers are to be Messrs. Harper, of New York, while a French translation is being prepared through Messrs. Hachette, and a German one through Mr. Brockhaus. There will also be a Hungarian and a Bohemian translation, and in all probability a Russian and an Italian one. They will all, as far as possible, appear simultaneously.

The Rev. Stopford Brooke's return to health, after a long period of illness, has enabled him to complete one volume and nearly finish a second. His "New Testament and Modern Life" is already in the press, and his monograph on Early English literature is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan.

The same house are also publishing about Whitsuntide a volume of letters on Religion, addressed by the late Lord Selborne to his son.

A great deal of prominence is given, especially in our public elementary schools, to the subject of manual training. Mr. George Ricks has always given a fair amount of attention to this department of education, and is now on the point of issuing a book which is intended as a help to teachers. The work will be published by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title of "Manual Training: Woodwork; a Handbook for Teachers." An appendix is added on modelling in cardboard as an introduction to woodwork.

This firm is also about to publish the fifth volume of Professor Clifford Allbutt's "System of Medicine." The delay in the appearance of this work has been caused by the inability of Professor Welch to complete his article on "Diseases of the Arteries," owing to a matter of grave importance to the freedom of physiological research which is at present agitating the faculty in America. In order to prevent a further delay, Professor Welch's contribution will be transferred to volume VI. The subjects treated in the present volume are: Diseases of the Respiratory Organs; of the Pleura; and of the Circulatory System. The sixth volume is announced for publication before midsummer.

The "History of the Society of Dilettanti," which has been promised for some time, is to be published

almost immediately by Messrs. Macmillan. It will be compiled by Mr. Lionel Cust, director of the National Portrait Gallery, and edited by Mr. Sidney Colvin, keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum. The volume is enriched with photogravures of some of the most important of the historical portraits in the collection of the Dilettanti, as well as with cuts illustrating the Society's regalia.

Messrs. Macmillan are also about to publish a series of cheap standard novels. The books will be issued monthly from 1 June, and are to be offered at the amazing price of sixpence per volume. The series will commence with Rolf Boldrewood's Australian romance, "Robbery Under Arms," which will be followed on the first of the next month by Mr. A. E. W. Mason's well-known novel, "Morrice Buckler." Then to November will appear each month, respectively, Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs," Mrs. Oliphant's "Kirsteen," Miss Charlotte Yonge's "Dove in the Eagle's Nest," and Mr. Marion Crawford's "A Roman Singer."

The publication of Miss Emma Brooke's "A Tabulation of the Factory Laws of European Countries," in so far as they relate to the Hours of Labour, and to Special Legislation for Women, Young Persons, and Children" has been postponed until September. It was announced among Mr. Grant Richards' spring publications, but the reason for withholding the volume for the present is that the author is anxious to obtain the same expert advice and assistance from foreign countries as she has been able to secure regarding Great Britain and Ireland.

Amongst this firm's immediate publications is a volume of poems by Mrs. Tynan Hinkson, entitled "The Wind in the Trees; a book of Country Verse;" "The Actor-Manager," by Mr. Leonard Merrick; and George Egerton's novel, "The Wheel of God."

Last year Mr. Grant Richards inaugurated the Henrietta Volumes with Mr. R. S. Warren Bell's "The Cub in Love." The second number of the series from the pen of the same author will be issued this year under the title of "The Papa Papers." The coloured cover is the work of Mr. E. J. Sullivan. Many of the stories from which the volume takes its name have already appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette," but other stories have been added.

Messrs. Blackie have made arrangements for the publication of "Tennyson, a Critical Study," by Mr. Stephen Gwynn; "Ireland during the Victorian Era," by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott; "Prudential Societies and Industrial Welfare," by Mr. E. W. Brabrook; and "Gold Discoveries and their Influence on Commerce," by Mr. Morton Frewen, in their Victorian Era Series.

(For This Week's Books see page 666.)

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

FRANCE.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in PARIS every Saturday from MESSRS. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at MESSRS. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE TERMINUS, Cour de Rome, and at the GALIGNANI LIBRARY, Nice.

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THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

- MUSIC.**
Interludes (H. C. Banister). Bell. 5s.
- BIOGRAPHY.**
Cyprian; his Life and Teaching (W. Muir). Clark. 1s.
Middy's Recollections, A (V. A. Montagu). Black. 6s.
- THEOLOGY.**
Cross and the Spirit, The (H. C. G. Moule). Seeley.
Trinity, The New (A. Amyand). Watts.
- TRAVEL.**
With Ski and Sledge over Arctic Glaciers (M. Conway). Dent.
- EDUCATION.**
French, Self-taught (C. A. Thimm). Marlborough. 1s.
- NATURAL HISTORY.**
Fauna of British India, The (Birds, Vol. IV.) (W. T. Blandford). Thacker.
- MILITARY.**
Lockhart's Advance through Tirah (L. J. Shadwell). Thacker.
- FICTION.**
Billy Hamilton (G. C. Gunter). Routledge.
Blasius, The King's Chamberlain (W. T. Stead). Richards. 6s.
Concert-Director, The (N. K. Blissett). Macmillan. 6s.
Crook of the Bough, The (M. M. Dowie). Methuen. 6s.
Donegal, The Humours of (J. MacManus). Unwin. 1s.
For the Sake of the Family (Annie S. Swan, &c.). Hodder & Stoughton. 1s.
Gladly, most Gladly (N. Bright). Burns & Oates.
Her Ladyship's Elephant (D. D. Wells). Heinemann. 3s. 6d.
King's Henchman, The (W. H. Johnson). Gay & Bird. 6s.
Of Necessity (H. M. Gilbert). Lane. 3s. 6d.
St. Cadix Case, The (E. Miller). Innes. 6s.
School Life, The Comic Side of (H. J. Barker). Jarrold. 6d.
Seaweed (E. Ellis). University Press. 3s. 6d.
Sons of Adversity (L. C. Cornford). Methuen. 6s.
Sowing the Seed (F. Henniker). Harper. 3s. 6d.
Strange Craft, A. (E. S. Ellis). Cassell. 2s. 6d.
Wanderers (S. Pickering). Bowden. 6s.
Woman's Privilege, A (M. Bryant). Innes. 6s.
Young Queen of Hearts, The (E. Marshall). Seeley.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
Blue Book, Royal, 1898 (May). Simpkin, Marshall. 5s.
Brentford (H. Turner). Stock.
British Guiana, Twenty-five Years in (H. Kirke). Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.
Dante at Ravenna (C. M. Phillimore). Elliot Stock. 6s.
English Democratic Ideas, The History of, in the Seventeenth Century (G. P. Gooch). University Press.
Faith of a Physician, The. Watts. 6d.
Folk-Lore (F. Moss).
Garden-Making (L. H. Bailey). Macmillan. 4s.
Guide, London's Pleasure (C. P. Little). Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.
Life in an Old English Town (M. D. Harris). Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.
Prayer-book, Our (H. C. G. Moule). Seeley.
Royal Academy Pictures 1898 (Part 2). Cassell. 1s.
Social Pictorial Satire (G. Du Maurier). Harpers. 5s.
Workshop Makeshifts (H. J. S. Cassal). Gill.
- TRANSLATIONS.**
Arithmetic, Higher, and Mensuration (E. Murray). Blackie. 3s. 6d.
Electricity, Alternating Currents of (A. Still). Whittaker. 5s.
Electricity, Industrial (edited by A. G. Elliott). Whittaker. 2s. 6d.
Hexateuch, The Documents of the (W. E. Addis) (2 vols.). Nutt. 21s.
High History of the Holy Graal, The (S. Evans) (2 vols.). Dent.
Regina (Sudermann). Lane. 6s.
- REPRINTS.**
Byron, Lord, The Works of (edited by R. E. Prothero) (Vol. I.). Murray. 6s.
Egoist, The (G. Meredith). Constable. 6s.
Engelberg and other Verses (B. L. Tollemache). Rivingtons. 6s.
Law's Lumber Room, The (F. Watt). Lane. 4s. 6d.
Marching Backward (E. E. Williams). Ward, Lock. 1s.
Pendennis (W. Thackeray). Smith, Elder. 6s.
Wiseman, Nicholas, Cardinal, Characteristics from the Writings of (T. E. Bridgett). Burns & Oates. 6s.

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on the working operations of the Company for March, 1898, which shows a Total Profit of £22,656 10s. 4d. :-

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works - - 15,911 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.		Cost.
To Mining Expenses	£11,290	1 2
Transport	247	8 5
Milling	2,348	11 5
Cyanide	1,577	15 8
Slimes	1,276	4 10
General Charges	2,882	17 5
	£19,622	12 11
Balance Profit	22,656	10 4
	£42,279	3 3

REVENUE.

	Value.
By Gold Accounts—	
6,058'371 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	£25,633 5 9
3,088'840 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works	13,069 8 10
799'727 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works	3,235 6 3
Increase in value of Gold for year above estimates	341 2 5
9,946'938 ozs.	£42,279 3 3

The Tonnage mined for month was 19,642 tons, cost	11,380	4 5
Less quantity added to stock	138	90 3 3
	19,784	11,290 1 2
Less waste rock sorted out	3,873	
Milled Tonnage	15,911	£11,290 1 2

The declared output was 12,080'20 ozs. bullion = 9,946'938 ozs. fine gold.
And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—12 dwts. 12'076 grs.

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:—

7TH LEVEL—	ft.
Driving on South Reef, East and West	56
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	45
Sinking Winzes	4
8TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	139
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	81
Sinking Winzes	59
9TH LEVEL—	
Sinking Winzes	83
	467

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 20,057 tons.
During the month 3,873 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 35 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 19'576 per cent. of the total rock handled.

A Dividend of 100 per cent., being at the rate of 300 per cent. per annum has been declared by the Board for the half-year ending 31 March, 1898. The Transfer Books will be closed from 30 March to 5 April inclusive. The Dividend will be payable from the Company's Head Office on 10 May, 1898, to Shareholders registered in the Company's books on 30 March. Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment of the Dividend (20s. per share) on presentation of Coupon No. 8, either at the Company's Head Office, Crown Reef, Johannesburg, on or after 16 May; at the London Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street, Within, E.C.; or at the Banque de Paris et des Pays, Bas 3 rue d'Antin, Paris, on or after 6 June. In all cases coupons must be left four clear days for examination.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the TENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders will be held in the BOARD ROOM of CITY CHAMBERS, JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC, on TUESDAY, 7 JUNE, 1898, at 11.30 a.m.

BUSINESS.

- To receive the Balance-Sheet, Statement of Revenue and Expenditure, Reports, &c., for the year ending 31 March, 1898.
 - To appoint two Directors in the place of Messrs. C. S. Goldmann and C. D. Rudd, who retire by rotation, but are eligible for re-election. To elect two Auditors in the place of Messrs. D. M. Kisch and F. J. Moller, who retire, but are eligible for re-election, and for fixing their remuneration for the past year.
- Also for General Business.
- The Transfer Books will be closed from the 1st to the 7th June, 1898, inclusive. Any new nominations for the position of Director to the Company must be notified in writing at the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg, at least fifty clear days before the date appointed for the holding of the meeting.
- Holder of Share Warrants to Bearer wishing to be represented at the meeting, must deposit their shares at the places and within the times following:—
- At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg, at least twenty-four hours before the time appointed for the holding of the meeting.
 - At the London Transfer Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the meeting.
 - At the Paris Agency of the Company in Paris, at the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, 3 Rue d'Antin, at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the meeting.
- By Order,
ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*

London, 20 April, 1898.

THE FERREIRA GOLD MINING COMPANY (LIMITED)

Capital (Fully Issued) £90,000.

REPORT FOR THE QUARTER ENDING 31ST MARCH, 1898.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Calculated on Basis of 31,409 Tons Milled.

WORKING EXPENDITURE.

	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
Mining	£27,086 19 8	17'2.98
Transport	694 10 10	5'31
Reduction	5,938 0 7	3'9'37
Development Redemption	7,832 5 0	5'0'00
Cyaniding—Tailings	4,601 0 1	2'11'15
	£46,133 2 2	19.4'81
Profit for Quarter	24,026 6 6	2.13.6'05
	£130,199 8 8	£4.2.10'86

REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per Ton.
Battery Gold	£86,042 6 7	2.14.9'66
Cyanide Gold	29,412 11 7	18.8'74
Concentrates Sold	14,744 10 6	9.4'66
	£130,199 8 8	£4.2.10'86

Mine Development Account £9,318 16 2

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

Machinery and Plant	£9,332 6 0
Buildings	1,211 11 10
Permanent Works	3,663 17 5
	£14,207 15 3

D. C. MATURIN, *Secretary.*

LOCKWOOD AND CO.

STOCK and MINING SHARE DEALERS,
3 THROGMORTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.
ESTABLISHED 1886.

SOUTH AFRICAN MINING and LAND SHARES.

WEST AUSTRALIAN MINING SHARES.

NEW ZEALAND MINING SHARES.

INDIAN MINING SHARES.

MISCELLANEOUS MINING SHARES

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(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope).
Head Office, 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and 90 branches in South Africa.

Subscribed Capital	£4,000,000.
Paid-up Capital	£1,000,000.
Reserve Fund	£800,000.

This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description of banking business with, the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, Orange Free State, Rhodesia, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits received for fixed periods. Terms on application. J. CHUMLEY, London Manager.

THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,

QUEEN'S ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.
AND BROADSTAIRS.

PATRON:

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE (MARCHIONESS OF LORNE)

PRESIDENT:

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CADOGAN, K.G.

Chairman of Committee: MARTIN R. SMITH, Esq.

Treasurer: ALFRED FARQUHAR, Esq.

Annual Subscribers of One Guinea have the privilege of recommending One In-patient or Ten Out-patients yearly, and Donors of Ten Guineas have the same privilege for life. Annual Subscribers of Two Guineas, and Donors of Twenty Guineas and upwards, are Life Governors.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be most thankfully received and acknowledged by the Secretary, COMMANDER BLOUNT, R.N.

Bankers—Messrs. LLOYDS, Ltd., Herries Farquhar Branch, 16 St. James Street, S.W.

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